

THE
MONTHLY ANTHOLOGY,

FOR

JUNE, 1805.

ORIGINAL ESSAY BY GILBERT WAKEFIELD.

MESSRS. EDITORS,

IN the Providence (R. I.) Gazette, I have perused several essays of great merit, under the signature of THE ADELPHIAD :...I inclose you, for publication in the Anthology, the following number, which has just appeared, and which, I doubt not, will be perused with pleasure and profit.

MARIANO.

—
The Adelphiad. No. 58.

I HAVE obtained leave from George Wakefield, Esq. of Dedham, to take a copy of the following original, unpublished essay, which was written by his brother, the learned and Reverend *Gilbert Wakefield*, of Jesus College, Cambridge. It was originally intended for the Literary and Philosophical Society at Manchester...but not having been applied that way, I presume a perusal of it will be agreeable to the readers of the Adelphiad. Z.

—
ON THE CHARACTERISTICS OF
POETRY.

THE origin of poetry seems to have been almost coeval with the birth of man. It is not, like other arts, the offspring of time and refined manners : it has e-

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qually been the production of distant ages and uncultivated people, as of the later periods of civilized life. But though poetry has proved the exercise of genius and the delight of taste, in all stages of society and the rudest nations of the world, it does not appear that the essentials of poetry, and the characteristic distinctions of poetry from prose, have been yet ascertained by any criterions universally admitted to be just. Though philological writers have at all times employed themselves so frequently and fully upon the business of composition at large, much difference of opinion still remains upon the point in question. I shall submit to the consideration of this society some concise remarks ; which might be easily expanded and enlarged upon, with no little usefulness and entertainment, by a reader of taste, who should choose to take the task upon him. I can hardly doubt, but that the observations, which I am going to lay down, however imperfectly illustrated, comprehend a satisfactory solution of the question.

Three things, and three only, are essential to the constitution of poetry, and unite to distinguish it from prose :

I. *A certain conformation of the language*: in which *two* particulars are comprized.

1st. *A metrical disposition of the words*, which is called *verse*.

2d. *A certain grandeur and elevation of expression*.

In confirmation of this *first* position, I might venture to allege even the exordium of *Paradise Lost* ("of man's first," &c. to "sing heavenly muse"), for although delivered in a style of the most absolute simplicity, it is clearly distinguishable from prose, for the *two* reasons here assigned:

1. A transposition of the words from their proper grammatical arrangement, and a regularity of feet: 2. By a majesty of phrase, which would appear ridiculous and bombastical in prose....*whose mortal taste....sing heavenly muse*.

II. The *second* essential of a poet, I shall briefly characterize by the word *genius*: in which I include that happy fertility of invention, which enables the mind to devise a suitable subject for its exertions, and to expatiate, to a greater or less extent, through universal nature, for the discovery of objects to embellish it.

This faculty of *creation* was esteemed by the Greeks such a capital ingredient in the formation of a poet, as to give rise to his denomination in their language. There needs no elaborate proof of this position; because I suppose, that every judgment will unite in acknowledging a power of invention in some degree to be an absolute requisite in poetry.

III. The *third* essential is, an *enthusiastick turn of mind*: which includes all that is understood by the terms, *imagination, sensibility,*

and *taste*: and in proportion to the display of this *third* property will be the excellence of poetry.

My meaning in these *three* divisions will be more distinctly apprehended, and the subject itself receive considerable illustration, if we consider whether the *union* of *all* these qualities be necessary to poetry; and if not, which of them may be spared.

1st. An absence of the *two* parts of the *first* essential property cannot be allowed. Without an ordonnance of measure and a dignity of expression, poetry cannot possibly exist. By the former of these particulars, the poet of all ages and nations has been distinguished: this point rests, therefore, upon the unanimous sentiments of mankind. And the *second* will discover real poetry, even when divested of its metrical habiliments. (See this topick illustrated by *Horace*, sat. 1, 4, 45, 63, who there confirms all that is advanced upon this head of the subject.) Thus, when we read in the scriptures concerning the Supreme Being....

He made the moon for certain seasons;
And the sun knoweth his going down.
Ps. cix.

The verse indeed is lost, but we perceive the composition to be poetical, both by a correspondent measurement of the sentences (a principal artifice in Hebrew poetry), and by a noble personification, inconsistent with the sobriety of real prose. So far, then, we may satisfy ourselves upon this point.

And yet it may be useful to remark, that the properties here specified do not *solely constitute* poetry, though they are *essential* to

it. *Fenelon's Telemachus* is a fine specimen of elevated composition, but is not a true poem : and Sir Richard Blackmore's *Epicks* (if I may be allowed to take refuge in this old example, to avoid all possibility of affront to the judgment of others, by instancing in authors of greater reputation), though written in measure and in rhyme too, are still prose.

The *second* necessary ingredient of poetry (though poetry, as distinguishable from versification only, cannot exist without it) is not an exclusive property : for the principal distinction of a very common species of composition is invention to as great an extent as is found in any poem whatsoever. Such performances as Sir *Thomas More's Utopia*, and the whole class of novels, are neither called, nor esteemed, poems ; though something of a poetical character evidently discriminates them from simple didactic prose. Where then shall we look in this instance for a decisive distinction between poetry and prose ? Without doubt in a regular recurrence of appropriated numbers : in *appropriated numbers*, I say, or we shall not define sufficiently a *modulated* prose from poetry. Deprived of this characteristic, I do not see why *Homer's Odyssey* would have a better title to the honours of poetry, than the *Telemachus* or the *Utopia*, whatever the superiority of that performance may be in other respects. Concerning the *third* essential of poetry, an *enthusiastick turn of mind*, in proportion as prosaick compositions are tinctured with it, they lose their specifick character, and

become, as one of our poets expresses himself,

Prose on stilts, or poetry gone lame.

Compositions of this peculiar cast, like a slip of land which borders upon two countries and belongs to neither, may occasion, as well as the comparison, some degree of controversy ; but as they transgress the sobriety and uniformity of exact writing, are culpable in themselves ; and, instead of being urged in opposition to the preceding observations, should be mutually given up as illegitimate, both by the patrons of poetry and prose. The sense of an incongruity of this kind induced a celebrated prelate to give his translation of a prophet, highly ennobled by his warmth of imagination and sublimity of genius, some appearance of poetry, by a regular distribution of the sentences in conformity to the original. He saw the beauty of *Isaiah* tarnished, and his dignity degraded, by the garb of vulgar prose : he was willing to preserve, if possible, some faint traces of eastern poesy, as far as the genius of a different language would admit, that his incomparable author might not lose, even in a version,

All his original brightness, nor appear
Less than archangel ruin'd.

What gives me the greater confidence in the foregoing remarks is, that they are merely an extension of the hints contained in a few words of *Horace* ; who is not more worthy of admiration for the elegance of his poetry, than the incontrovertible justice of his criticisms. "First of all

(says this arbiter of taste and learning—*fat.* 1, 4, 39, 45) I must beg leave to exempt myself from the number of those whom I distinguish by the name of poets: for it is not sufficient to give a line its proper number of feet to entitle to this distinction: nor can you with reason denominate him a poet, whose writings, like mine, partake so much of the simplicity and familiarity of common conversation. No: he only deserves this honourable appellation, who is possessed of *genius, a more divine frame of soul, and a magnificent and harmonious elocution.*”

The ancient comedy, because it wanted these requisites, and was only distinguished from prose by its measures, he denies to be a poem. The *Roman* comedy (if he meant that) might have been proscribed from the poetick province for an additional reason: because it was not solicitous to preserve any appearance of *versification*, except in the *two* concluding syllables of the line.

The *three* criterions of poetry, laid down above, might be em-

ployed as a good standard, whereby to adjust in general the respective excellencies of all poets whatever, and afford full scope for some very curious and entertaining disquisitions, if any one of leisure and taste would take upon him the prosecution of the subject.

I will just subjoin one example of an application of these rules, in conclusion.

Homer in the article of invention, which is the first merit of poetry, has a great superiority over *Milton**. Except therefore it could be shown, that these later poets compensate this inferiority by more abundant excellence in the other two constituents of poetry; the supremacy of *Homer* in one case, and the subordinate claims of *Milton* in the other, over the rest of the epick race, will be indisputably established. But the rules above will be as serviceable in estimating and comparing *different* departments of poetry, as in rating the worth of those in the *same* department.

* And *Milton*, in the same respect, a superiority over *Virgil*.

LETTERS FROM ITALY.

We have already expressed our gratitude to our friend, by whose kindness we are allowed to present the following letters to the publick. His observations on the merit of the memoir of the Duke della Torre are undoubtedly perfectly correct. We are inclined to think however, that though it has none of the beauty of the description of Pliny, and though its real value arises from its being an excellent continuation of the observations of Sir William Hamilton, it will still be read with interest even by those readers, who are contented with indistinct and fugitive impressions.

TO THE EDITORS OF THE ANTHOLOGY.

GENTLEMEN,

I HAVE lately been indulged with the perusal of several letters from an intelligent gentleman of this town now travelling in Europe, which comprehend a trans-

lation from the Italian language of a memoir relative to the last eruption of Vesuvius. Having liberty to make such use of these papers, as I might think proper,

I am persuaded that I could not better dispose of them, than to transmit them for publication in your valuable miscellany. The observations of the Duke *della Torr * may, to some readers, appear tediously minute ; but they will serve to give accurate and precise information relative to those stupendous phenomena, which are generally considered with mere amazement and vague admiration ; and we are consoled for any fatigue, by the intimation suggested by our ingenious friend of communicating, hereafter, the condensed result of his own observations in that interesting region.

With sincere wishes for the reputation and success of the *Anthology*, I remain, yours,

J. D.

Boston, May 16, 1805.

Rome, January 24, 1805.

MY DEAR BROTHER,

THOUGH the phenomena of volcanoes have been long known and often well described, yet they are so rare, and so wonderful when compared to the other operations of nature, that they still excite a lively interest in the breasts of literary and philosophical men. The volcano of Vesuvius is so much more conveniently situated for observation, than those of * tna* or *Stromboli*, that it has been more frequently and more accurately noticed. I find however, that even to the literary men of Naples it is still highly interesting, because its more powerful efforts are seldom made *oftener* than once in the course of a single life. This mountain had been almost perfectly quiet from the year 1794

till the 11th of August last, when a new eruption took place with phenomena, which are here deemed worthy of description and attention.

The Duke della Torr , a man of science, who has been very attentive to the subject of volcanoes, and who was a very accurate observer of the late eruption, has published his account of it ; and I am assured by a very respectable literary man, the Rev. Mr. Haytu, chaplain to the Prince of Wales, that the account is perfectly correct. It has been sent to the Royal Society of London, but as it may never reach our country, or at least not for a long time, I have thought it best to send it to you. As the Italian is understood only by a few persons with us, I have taken the liberty to translate this work, and if it shall be deemed sufficiently interesting I have no objection to the publication of it.

" FIRST RELATION OF THE ERUPTION OF VESUVIUS, FROM THE 11TH OF AUGUST TO THE 18TH SEPT. 1804.

By the Duke della Torr .

" For the space of ten years Vesuvius, maintaining a perfect tranquillity, had ceased to lay waste the circumjacent country, and to disturb the neighbouring inhabitants ; in this quiet state however it was preparing and disposing new materials, by which it would one day display its original fury.

" The phenomena of the 11th of August last announced the terrible eruption, which was again destined to afflict this unhappy country, at the same time that it would furnish fresh materials to

chemical amateurs, by which they might form new conjectures relative to these unexplained operations of nature.

" I cannot omit giving an exact idea of the state of Vesuvius, at the first moment of the present eruption.

" On the 2d of November, in the year 1803, I ascended the summit of Vesuvius, by the road which goes from the village of Refina, and arrived at the brink of the opening, saw a vast crater, which presented to me only the appearance of a profound plain. The medium depth of this crater, from its lowest part to its superiour edge on the *west* side, as it was then measured on the spot, by persons let down for the purpose, was found to be precisely 500 Neapolitan palms (equal to 430 feet English), a depth 100 palms less than on the 2d July 1794, when it was measured by the learned Mr. Brieslach. In the midst of this crater were three small hills, of the height of 50 palms each (43 feet English), from which in February 1799 were ejected heated stones with considerable explosion and flame, which were visible at the capital (Naples) for two days. These were the presages of the eruption of 1794, so that those are mistaken, who believe that the mountain had remained from the period of that eruption in perfect quietness. In these little hills were still visible orifices, which emitted the usual vapour or smoke, charged with sulphur and ammoniack, and on the inside of these openings were formed beautiful incrustations of sulphureous salts, abounding with

very shining crystals. The circumference of the crater was then found to be 11,500 palms (9890 feet English). This exceeded the dimensions related by Mr. Brieslach by 2900 palms. The difference of this mensuration appears to me to be attributable to the following causes.

" 1st. That the materials thrown out by the antecedent eruption of February 1799, having fallen back again within the crater, could not have augmented its depth.

" 2d. That, as the edges of the opening had in many places fallen into the centre of the crater, they not only must have raised the surface of the plain at the bottom, but the base must have continually been approaching the superiour edge of the cone, at the same time that the circumference would become more extensive.

" The inclination of the sides of the crater was greater to the south and south west. Its greatest elevation was to the east and north east. The form of the crater was the same as described by the above mentioned Mr. Brieslach, that is to say, an ellipsis a little eccentric, internally circular and externally conical. The medium external height of the cone on the west side may be estimated, from the base of the plain to the mouth, about 4000 palms, or about half a Neapolitan mile.

" In such a state I left the mountain on the 2d November, 1803; nor do I know of any other circumstance, except that I have understood from the information of the Hermit del Salvatore, that

on the 22d of May of the present year (1804) about one hour and an half of night (corresponding to half past 8 o'clock, A. M. English) there was perceived in his hermitage and in its vicinity a shock of an earthquake, which made the whole building tremble, accompanied with a rumbling noise, which was repeated in six minutes afterwards, and again another in ten minutes, louder than the two preceding ones.

"At this moment having looked at the mountain he saw issue from it a dense smoke, which continued to the 18th hour of the morning of the 23d (1 o'clock, A. M.) I have been informed by a very intelligent friend, that on the same day and almost at the same moment there was felt in the province of Abruzzo an earthquake, which was repeated three times, the first at the hour of night, the second equally strong at the 3d hour, and the third less sensible at the 5th hour."

—
Rome, January 27th, 1805.

MY DEAR BROTHER,

THE residue of the pamphlet of the Duke della Torre I shall now give you.

"I placed the point of an atmospherick electrometer within the crater, which gave strong proofs of electricity, and which was confirmed by constant lightning from the east, though the evening was serene and the sky clear. After all these observations I was filled with astonishment at these arcana of nature, which gave place to the following reflections.

"First, that from the intensity of the fire, and from the increased

state of electricity in the mountain, we might expect one of the longest and most terrible eruptions.

"Secondly, that the light we perceived from Naples was not properly the columns of fire, which issued from the vast and deep abyss, but a refulgent, an ardent smoke, which, by reflecting the fire beneath, appeared under the form of real fire, though the lava had not yet reached the edge of the crater."

"Thirdly, that the lava after having filled the whole vacuum of the crater would discharge itself on the side to which it was pressing, that is, towards the south, so much the more readily as this was the most inclined part of the cone.

"Admitting the decomposition of the water in the bosom of the mountain, might not the electric fluid inflame a constituent part of it with hydrogen, and produce the irruption? In such a case the oxygen would increase the internal combustion, and would unite the acid parts to the alkaline, sulphureous, and metallick bases.

"From the 15th August to the 18th the fire continued equally, and the groanings and noise were frequent and dreadful; no earthquake was however felt.

"On the 19th the fire and noise augmented, and finally, from the capital (distant about seven miles in a straight line), was heard a deep-toned noise like the effect of distant thunder. From the 20th to the 25th nothing remarkable occurred, except that the showers of ashes and small cinders were more frequent."

"On the 26th the ashes, for the

first time, reached Torre del Greco and Refina, and they perceived from the mouth of the crater the fire diminished.

"On the 27th an experienced person went up the mountain, and brought me information, that the orifice of the gulf, which was first situated on the west, had receded towards the east, or towards *Ottajano*, and that two small mountains or hills had formed before the mouth of the opening, so as to prevent him from seeing the place from which the fire issued, but the burning matters were only visible after they had risen above these hills. The lava, which poured towards the south, was so near the edge of the crater, that it was very near overrunning or overflowing it."

"On the 28th the reports or explosions were more violent, and there appeared from Naples another mouth, which ejected fire and stones, within the same crater and towards the south side of it. There were not, during all these periods, any earthquakes."

"On the 29th the noise became more violent and frequent, and there was seen to issue from the new opening a greater quantity of fire and stones. At the 22d hour (Italian) was perceived a discharge more violent, and there was seen to arise from the edge of the crater towards the south and south west a dense smoke along the sharp sides of the mountain; and this I think was the moment, when the lava issued from the crater; and the loud explosion I believe to have been occasioned by the fall of the side of the crater in the place where the lava had ruptured it.

"I went instantly to Torre del Greco, where I arrived at the 24th hour (sunset), and I then saw a streak of fire, which had the appearance of a stream of liquid glass, rapidly advancing towards the base of the mountain, between south and south west. The width of it was, at its first issuing from the crater, about 50 palms (43 feet), but it was interrupted at short spaces by spots free of lava. I remained to examine this wonder at the palace of the Cardinal until 4 o'clock of night (corresponding to 11 o'clock, P. M. English); and till that time it had poured down about one third of the mountain. The said current of lava continued to enlarge as it descended.

"The 30th in the morning the lava had advanced to the base of the mountain, and having measured its length it was found to be 3528 palms. Its medium width might be estimated at 400 palms, and at its base 1000. Arrived at the base of the mountain it divided into four branches, two of which directed their course to the south, and two others to the south-west. The largest of the branches were those of the south, which were about 500 palms wide.... those to the south west being not more than 300. I went on the same day to view the lava at the 22d hour (5 o'clock, P. M.) and found it already arrived at the place called the *Pedamentina*, having advanced in 24 hours 2625 palms. The branches, which had taken the direction of south west, were nearly united in the *Fosso-bianco*; and those, which had gone to the south, were united, and formed a mass of 1500 palms

wide, and were directing their course towards the place called *Petraro di Guida*. The height of this lava was about 8 or 9 palms, its progress was rapid, and it was introduced about 2 hours of night (9 o'clock) into *Petraro di Guida*, having run 1385 palms more, in the whole course more than a mile. Taking a medium rate, it may be said to have advanced 100 palms per hour. The lava was very hard, so that a stick pressed upon it ever so forcibly would not enter more than two inches."

"I now drew from its surface a small piece, which in ten seconds cracked and broke, and in two minutes became black and scori-form in its surface. Having broken by force a stone from the current of the lava, in which it was swimming, I observed that as soon as it was exposed to the external air in the place where the breach had been made it became cool and compact like glass, and the inside of the fracture was shining like a metal, which it resembled still more in colour. The current of the lava was not wholly and entirely on fire. The external part was composed of stones of different sizes and colours, of minute crystals or cinders, and of different sorts of sand. As it advanced, the superiour part (composed of the substances just stated) fell first, making a noise like that of a bag of broken glass when thrown down; afterwards appeared the fiery parts, which ran beneath. This is the reason why this lava on the plain did not run so rapidly or violently, as that which issued in the form of a fluid, liquified matter. The heat which issued from it, to the dis-

tance of 4 or 5 palms, was so great that you could not stand it for more than two minutes. On the contrary the heat felt at some distance, far from debilitating, invigorated the fibres. There was exhaled from it a disgusting and suffocating smoke of ammoniac and sulphur, and the odour which it diffused around was similar to that which is perceived near burning lime pits. As soon as the stones which covered the lava cracked and cooled, they were perceived to be covered with a substance sometimes white, sometimes yellow, which you might recognize to be sulphur, sal ammoniac, and nitre."

"On the 31st the part, which descended in two branches to the south west, had reached the *Fosso-bianco*, taking the direction of the small house of the Cardinal. The second branch was united in the *Fosso-bianco* to the other lava, which ran from *Petraro di Guida*, and which, after having passed a valley filled with ancient lava, had joined its two branches at the cottage of D. Andrew Guida. It had advanced, from the preceding day, 4299 palms; its height was 23 palms, its width 2000, and its rate of advancement or progress 150 palms per hour. I reflected, that the height of the lava diminished in proportion as its velocity increased. I caused to be measured the other branch, whose course was directed to the Cardinal's, and I found it from the mouth to its termination in the *Fosso-bianco* 9500 palms; its width was about 460, its height 18 palms. When I left it, it was 4 hours of the night (or 11 o'clock, P. M. English), and the

first lava had already arrived in the territory of D. Andrew Guida. On the first day of September the lava, directed towards the Cardinal's, had nearly reached the lands of Jovino, and Guarino, having proceeded from the day before 2048 palms; its width in front was 260, its height 12. The other lava, near the cottage of Guida, had advanced 2270 palms, and had reached the cottage of said Guida. Its width continued as before, and its height 24 palms. Here I remarked, that when the lava encountered in its progress a house, a wall, or any other like impediment, it stopped, poured or spread itself laterally and surrounded it, and afterwards either raised itself above and overwhelmed it, or passed it leaving it untouched in the midst of it. This lava stopped that night in the cottage of the said Guida; and the same night our most beloved Queen, together with the royal family, honoured this place with a visit, for the purpose of seeing the eruption and course of the lava. How astonishing appeared to her this portentous spectacle of nature, so much the more afflictive as her tender heart was deeply impressed with the injury and ruin occasioned by the impetuous torrent!

"I again proceeded to the summit of Vesuvius to observe what changes had taken place in the crater, and to discover the mode and precise place from whence the lava had issued. I reached the top of the mountain about half an hour before day-break. In ascending I was accompanied by the usual shower of ashes, and my electrometer gave

signs of powerful electricity. The inside of the crater exhibited an appearance totally different from what it appeared to do on the 14th August. Its whole plain was filled either by the lava which had run out, or by the stones, cinders, and ashes which had been ejected during the eruption. There had been formed various little hills with intervals between them, and the highest of which were to the north east, declining always to the south west; those hills were covered with light scoriæ, covered with a very fine dust of sal ammoniac and sulphur, and there issued from them light vapours of a disgusting and suffocating odour. In the spaces between these little hills were masses of lava, which still smoked, and which appeared still inflamed internally. The distances between the edge of the crater and these hills were various; the nearest was on the western side, and was distant at least 300 palms. There appeared behind the said hills, towards the walls or sides of the crater, on the side of Ottajano, five mouths, which vomited fire and stones, and which, raised with a great noise and force to the height of these hills, either fell upon them, or dropped again within the crater from which they issued; and from which perpetually came a great whirlwind of cinders and ashes, as well as smoke, that, by the force of the wind, was either carried to one side or the other in the form of a long streak or band. In the place, where the gulf or mouth was situated on the 14th of August, was now formed one of the highest of the new mountains. The orifice, from which

now issued the most fire, was on the north east, and was surrounded by the four other little hills.

“ Having placed my usual thermometer about 1000 palms distant from the lava, it did not exhibit the great heat it had before indicated. The atmospherick temperature was not altered. Thus at Naples at 5 o'clock (Italian) it had stood at 24, and *there* it fell to 19. Having fixed my electrometer in the same place, it indicated a great degree of electricity; and the effect was greater, when placed on the ground, than when suspended in the air. Having made these observations, I advanced towards the place where the lava had poured out of the crater, and having reached it, saw the immense stones on the top of the lava, already cooled, and at a very little distance from the edge of the crater about 12 palms higher than this edge, and 200 palms wide.

“ The lava was of a black colour, compact within, and externally scoriformed. Its surface was formed of large pieces, and in the cracks it exhibited the yellow colour of sulphur. Having gone a little farther, to the place where the lava began to run down the mountain, I found a lava blacker and more scoriformed than the one just described, which had been the first to pour down the sides, and after having run a third part of the length of the mountain had stopped and grown hard on the surface, though it still was on fire within and the heat of it insupportable. The height of this lava was 3 palms, its width 30. After this I found about 30 palms of ancient sand, over which the lava had not poured. Hav-

ing advanced further to the south, I approached the place where the lava was fluid; and as from the commencement it was hardened on the surface, like the other, for a distance of 10 palms, I mounted upon it, and succeeded to examine this fluid torrent, which had descended from the crater to the base of the mountain. It was not more *to the eye* than 8 palms wide; its height, measured from the half-extinguished lava, was about 4 palms, if we did not reflect, that it might have sunk deeply into the sand. The heat was so strong that we could not approach nearer than 6 palms, nor withstand the suffocating smoke, which the wind drove to the place where I was standing. The appearance of the lava was that of a lucid, consistent, liquified chrystal; its colour that of a lively red; and its surface exhibited many waves, like a bitumenous torrent. I could not by my eye measure the velocity of the torrent, but I threw upon it a rock or stone very large to try its density; and as I perceived that this went down the stream making but a very little impression, with my watch in my hand I threw in another, and in the space of one second it advanced 2 palms. Having placed the thermometer 6 palms distant from the running lava, it rose in two minutes to the heat of boiling water. From the electrometer I had the same signs of electricity. To my great chagrin I could not ascertain the heat of the lava, for want of a proper hydrometer.

“ I was desirous of going farther, and even to the source of the torrent; but as it was necessary to march over the lava, which still emitted an intolerable heat, and I

was also apprehensive that some one of the strata might give way, especially as in some places I saw it had fallen in so that it was impossible to approach it, I descended with the intention of returning there again when the lava should be more effectually cooled, and the passage more secure."

I trust you have had enough of hot lava, and suffocating vapours for one letter....if not, I am sure I have, and shall of course suspend it to gather fresh strength, and clearer breath to resume the task.

Yours, &c.

(To be continued.)

THE LITERARY WANDERER.

No. 4,

Quin et Prometheus, et Pelopis parens

Dulci laborum decipitur sono ;

Nec curat Orion leones,

Aut timidos agitare lyncas.—HORATIUS.

While, charmed by the melodious strains,
The tortured ghosts forget their pains ;
Orion quits his bold delight,
To chace the lion's rage, or lynx's flight.—FRANCIS.

THE superiour advantages, which attentive cultivation of the fine arts is calculated to confer, are too obvious to be disputed by any, who are capable of appreciating their value. Accurately acquainted with these, a person passes the moments of solitude with more profit and satisfaction to himself, and is better qualified to dispense happiness to those, with whom he associates in society. Of these some are formed to augment the joys, others to alleviate the sorrows of existence ; some afford occasional amusement, while others are subservient to effect more important purposes. Their general tendency however is to soften, subdue, and meliorate the more turbulent emotions, and at the same time to inspire that calm, contemplative disposition of mind, which is productive of the purest enjoyment.

Among those, which are fitted to bestow mental gratification, rather than other perceptible, external advantages, I have ever

considered Musick, as possessing a distinguished place. Though a musician is necessarily confined through the imperfection of his art, and perhaps cannot display vigour of intellect in so great a degree, as an orator or painter, still he is allowed considerable latitude in exhibiting the innumerable diversifications of sounds. He can elevate our souls to the summit of martial ardour, or lull them in the illusive embraces of effeminacy ; he can inspire cheerfulness, or cause tears of sensibility to flow ; he can disarm anger of its ferocity, or awaken the tender sensations of love and benevolence. Perhaps there is no virtuous passion, which he cannot strengthen and refine ; no vicious propensity, which he cannot in some measure correct or extenuate.

Musick, however rude, imperfect, and inharmonious, appears to have been coeval with the earliest periods of antiquity. The extravagant accounts, which the Greeks, ever enamoured of ficti-

tious and hyperbolical representations, fabricated concerning Amphion, Linus, Orpheus, Musæus, and Timotheus, fully evidence, what efficacy they attributed to this art. Trees were pretended to have been attracted from the mountains, stones charmed into walls of cities, the currents of rivers stopped, and the pains of hell suspended by the melody of the *lyre*. Nor were the Romans less ardent in their approbation. *Saxa*, exclaims Cicero with enthusiasm, *saxa et solitudines voce respondent; bestiae sæpe immanes cantu flectuntur, atque consistunt; nos, instituti rebus optimis, non poetarum voce moveamur?* Perhaps its influence was still more surprizing, in ancient Caledonia. Tacitus, Strabo, Ammianus Marcellinus, and several other writers inform us, that the Bards were in the highest estimation in that country, and that from the dignity and importance of their office their persons were considered sacred. To the modulations of the *harp* they sung romantick tales of fiction, remarkable occurrences in life, punishment of crimes, recompense of virtuous conduct, the successes and infelicities of love, and the achievements of kings and heroes; and thus roused in the breasts of their countrymen those magnanimous and disinterested sentiments, which reflect distinguished lustre on the human character. By these means a noble emulation was excited. When Edward I. conquered Wales, he with barbarous policy commanded all the Bards to be put to death; sensible that the independent and martial spirit of that country could not be more effectually subdued, than by the destruc-

tion of those minstrels, who by singing and reciting on occasional festivities their traditional poetick compositions served to perpetuate the valour and glory of their ancestors.

Musick is gratifying, as an innocent and rational amusement. What is more efficacious to enliven a melancholy moment, than a cheerful air or song? At proper times a student may devote an hour with advantage to the fascinating employment; nor will a belle find her beauties less captivating by moderate attention to her piano or harpsichord. I have read of a gentleman, who never accustomed himself to attentive study, "till his imagination was raised by the power of musick. For this purpose he had a band of instruments placed near his library, which played till he found himself elevated to a proper height; on which he gave a signal, and they instantly ceased."

But so attractive is the beauty of its appearance, or so limited are human powers and capacities, that eminent musicians, whether composers or performers, are seldom remarkably distinguished in any other business; but consider a departure from their favourite pursuit like relinquishing a paradise of delights for a world of labour and sorrow. Their endeared art exclusively occupies attention. By careful investigation few exceptions will be discovered. Since the number of those, who are pre-eminently qualified to promote such refined entertainment, such rational gratification, is inconsiderable, the community assuredly ought to be ambitious in patronizing the indefatigable exertions of this diminutive propor-

tion.....But, as exquisite delight frequently approximates disgust, injudicious musical performances are to a delicate ear grating and unpleasant. They completely counteract expected pleasure. Instead of the music of the spheres we have the jarring tones of dissonance. With much propriety Virgil makes Menalcas reproach his antagonist with this bitter, emphatic sarcasm ;

*Non tu in triviis, indocte, solebas
Stridenti miserum stipulâ disperdere carmen ?*

Dunce at the best ; in streets but scarce
allowed ;

To tickle on thy straw the stupid crowd.
DRYDEN.

By association of ideas music presents to view the long-forgotten scenes of past time. All must have remarked, what surprising influence an air, to which we were accustomed to listen with eager attention in childhood and youth, has on the mind. Innumerable incidents, which occurred at that distant period, are instantaneously awakened in the memory, and diffuse over the mind pleasure, regret, and a not unwelcome pensiveness. Such recollections in a person of exquisite sensibility produce the most refined sensations.

But melody is conducive to effect a more important purpose, the improvement of religious and virtuous affections. When the solemn, deep-toned notes of an

organ, accompanied with appropriate words, gradually rise and fall upon the ear, our feelings are elevated to participate the pure pleasures of religion. We are alternately melted into tenderness, fired with animation, and enraptured by the powerful strain. It may not be improper to notice in this place, that the effect is proportionably increased by the union of the two arts, Music and Poetry. The sober stillness of night likewise renders it more perceptible. When the sounds, blended in happy unison, burst upon the tranquillity of midnight, our souls, entranced in an ecstasy of delight, seem snatched to other regions. Nor can we imagine but music constitutes one of the innumerable gratifications of heaven. Agreeably to this conjecture Milton introduces Adam addressing to Eve the following uncommonly beautiful lines, with which I shall conclude the present communication.

How often from the steep
Of echoing hill or thicket have we heard
Celestial voices to the midnight air,
Sole, or responsive each to other's note,
Singing their great Creator ? Oft in
bands

While they keep watch, or nightly
rounding walk

With heavenly touch of instrumental
sounds

In full harmonick number joined, their
songs

Divide the night, and lift our thoughts
to heaven. B.

Andover, May 10, 1805.

ON THE CHARACTER OF DR. JOHNSON

AS A MORALIST.

IN the short intervals of unmitigated study, or necessary avocations of ordinary life, my mind delights to dwell on the severe

morality of Johnson. Imagination is sometimes awakened by the fairy tales of Hawkefworth, and the judgment is closely exercised

by the condensed sense of Lord Verulam. But Johnson alone confirms the resolutions of virtue and corroborates the convictions of religion. Whatever may be the pleasure arising from the perusal of other periodical compositions, the sober dignity of the *Rambler* alone originates seriousness of thought and determinations of practical rectitude. In studying the advice and admiring the sublimity of Johnson's views, I for a moment at least resolve to forsake the obliquities of pleasure. I then feel that I am ennobled, I then know that I am immortal, and I consequently promise to pursue a corresponding course of existence. He is the great master of moral painting. His high-wrought designs have all the gigantick fulness of Michael Angelo. The shortness of life, the certainty of death, the folly of pleasure, the inquietude of riches, the fluctuations of popularity, honour, and renown are impressed with such force of sense, such variety of situation, such clearness of figure, combined with such irresistible energy of sentiment and mysterious dictatorial authority of style, that we willingly bow to the lawful authority of the master and silently become the disciples of the venerable philosopher.

One grand excellence of Johnson's morals consists in their generality. In his *Idler* indeed there are individuals sketched; and in such a manner, that we regret his apparent contempt of such trifling. But regret is vain. The summer house of the Pope could not engage the notice of Buonarrotti, whose mind was intent on

the swelling vastness of the dome of St. Peter's, and Johnson, who knew that his moral speculations would attend the progress of English conquests in Hindostan, and of English language in America, thought it undignified to dedicate pages to individuals, when his subject was universal man. Therefore all ages, characters, and conditions can draw from this undefiled and exhaustless fountain maxims of general conduct and sentiments of general application. Hence he is every where read with utility, and such is the remarkable nature of his *Rambler*, that with inconsiderable difference, it affords equal pleasure and enforces equal awfulness on the banks of the Thames, the Ganges and the Mississippi.

I admire Johnson for his continual propriety. Other writers sometimes relax from rectitude, but he is always consistent. He seems to have abhorred the first appearances of vice in every form and on every occasion. In all social symposia, of which he was the life and the leader, he had an intolerable aversion to nonsense; and in his morals he is the uniform and rigid advocate of virtue and religion. He never suffered his speculations to be discordant from rule. *Semper simplex et idem* was his object, and his design he never abandoned; for as he feared no one's frown, so he courted no one's smile, and with independence of sentiment and ponderousness of expression he has censorially chastised the seductive pleasures of life, the effeminate flattery of beauty, the false recommendations of honourable licentiousness, and the

imposing confidence of patrician criminality. As a Christian knight, who, in the wars of religion against the Saracenick profanation of the holy city and the awful sepulchre, thought himself unauthorised to hold secret converse or form irreligious covenants with anti-christian ravagers, so Johnson, impressed with the obligations of piety and hallowed in the sanctuaries of the church, disdained a transitory reconciliation with vice; and maintained an unceasing war against the powers and principalities of darkness.

In the empire of morals he is at once an officer and a priest; he is girt with the sword of the law and enrobed in the garments of religion. With the authority of a magistrate he enters the midnight haunt and the secret recess; he punishes the perpetrators of crimes, and drives away the votaries of pleasure. With the condescension of a minister at the altar he sometimes furnishes consolation to the trembling diffidence of timorous piety, and sometimes accompanies the blessed aspirations of the fervent enthusiast.

Q.

MESSRS. EDITORS,

UNFORTUNATE is it for the cause of science and of humanity, that new discoveries in physiology and medicine, as they naturally tend to shake the foundation of received opinions, are exceedingly apt to lead to extremes, as far from truth as those that are quitted. The late philosophers, who have received the well established principles of atmospherick decomposition and of the oxygenation of the blood, have overlooked, or degraded from its rank, the *mechanical influence* of respiration on the lungs. Hence probably it is, that in a number of papers, which have of late appeared in your work, no just estimation is made of the mechanical action of air in promoting the circulation of blood through the lungs. One of your writers scoffs at the common method of resuscitation of those apparently dead by distending the lungs with air; and would have us believe, that what is constantly done wrong cannot be done at all. The same writer at-

tempts to establish, that air from the human lungs will extinguish life*. Now these assertions, tho' made with singular confidence, are opposed to the daily experience of medical practitioners. The air passing from the healthy human lungs is not noxious. Air, for the inflation of the lungs of drowned persons, need not be of the highest purity, in common cases: it is only necessary, that it should not be a deleterious gas.

By the experiments of Dr. Menzies and others it seems, that the lungs contain, after an ordinary expiration, between 179 and 280 cubick inches of atmospherick air; after a complete expiration they contain about 109; and after a full inspiration about 300, varying however according to the force of respiration. The quantity taken in,

* This writer, instead of reviving by inflation, would have us *whip* the newborn infant into life. Such a pedagogical accoucheur, his *forceps* in the one hand, his *bunch of rods* in the other, must be a terriffick object to the "laborantes utero puellæ."

at a single ordinary inspiration, is according to Dr. Menzies 43. 77 cubick inches; Mr. Bell and most other modern writers state it at about 40 cubick inches.

It appears then, that a great proportion of the inspired air remains in the lungs after each expiration; and some part of it through as many as seven or eight respirations. If air, once respired, would certainly extinguish life, that which remains after every ordinary expiration must be sufficient to produce a fatal effect in all cases. No animal could live a moment with it in the lungs. But men live, and breathe, and act, having this air in their lungs; therefore it is not deleterious.

That this retained air assists the circulation of blood through the lungs is proved by Mr. Kite's experiments. Though it must have undergone the change of expired air, yet he found, that blood circulated more freely in this state of the lungs, than under a forcible expiration; and that animals will live longer with this air, than without any, in the proportion of 130 to 50. The same gentleman has proved by experiment, on animals prepared for the purpose, that in submersion the heart continues to beat for a considerable time after the blood, which is found in small quantities in the pulmonary veins and left ventricle, becomes black. It is shown by this, that although oxygenation of the blood may be necessary to maintain the animal functions, it is not essential to the excitement of the heart*; and that the heart

* The oxygenation of the blood is not here denied. An experiment is somewhere related, in which the jugular vein

ceases to contract, from the resistance made to the passage of blood through the lungs, by their want of expansion. He has demonstrated by about two hundred experiments, that from this cause is the blood accumulated in the right venous sinus and right auricle of the heart.

The difference, in the volume of the lungs, between expiration and inspiration, and the considerable changes they must undergo in the various degrees of force, with which the function is performed, shew, that the pulmonary vessels must consequently be subjected to considerable vicissitudes of elongation and contraction. Even a small degree of expansion would be sufficient in some measure to facilitate the circulation through them, as Haller long ago stated†, and as later inquiries have proved. This mechanical dilatation of the vessels is so conducive to respiration, that water, injected into the lungs, will enable the blood to pass through them more freely, than it will do in a state of collapse. This has been proved by an experiment of Mr. Coleman.

The apparent pulsation of the brain, when the cranium has been removed, is a phenomenon that

of an animal, being laid bare and oxygenous gas blown on it, the colour of the contained blood was changed to florid. Haller has calculated, that the coats of the pulmonary vesicles are but the millionth part of an inch in thickness. Priestley has proved, that gasses act through bladders. This he proves not only of oxygenous gas, but of hydrogen and nitrous gasses. On the whole it should seem, that oxygen gas not only may, but that it must, act on blood contained in the thin vessels of the lungs.

† Vid. Haller, l. viii. f. 4.

can scarcely be explained on any other principle, than that of mechanical resistance to the circulation through the lungs in the state of expiration. This motion of the brain corresponds not with the action of the heart, but precisely with that of the lungs. For at the moment of expiration the brain is protruded, because, the blood being resisted by the collapsed lungs, the jugular vein and right auricle cannot empty themselves into the distended ventricle, and the brain is enlarged from the arterial blood*. In truth one would suppose, that the provision of the foramen ovale in the foetus for the purpose of enabling the blood to pass through the heart, when a passage through the lungs is denied it for want of respiration to expand that organ, would be sufficient to prove the mechanical influence of respiration. It is clearly demonstrated in the foetal subject, that the volume of the lungs is increased by inflation. Before this inflation, they are extremely compact, and will sink in water; after the air has once distended them, no pressure, nor even the exhaustion by the air pump, will so far diminish their bulk as to prevent their swimming in water, than which they have become specifically lighter†.

* Vid. Haller vi. 4. 9.

† Ibid. viii. 4. 11. 27.

The essentials for the restoration of the vital functions, in cases of their suspension, are, proper temperature and motion of the heart and lungs. In the infant just born the temperature exists, but the lungs are in a state of collapse. Motion then is the first thing required, and the most direct and effectual manner of exciting it is obviously by dilatation of the lungs: this will produce motion in the heart and origin of the great arteries, which we cannot so readily do by any other means. For the action of the lungs, by the pressure this organ makes on the sides of the pericardium, greatly assists in the propulsion of the blood through the heart. The alternate expansion and compression of the lungs in imitation of respiration, though in an imperfect manner, must also propel the blood through the pulmonary vessels toward the left ventricle of the heart, because the valves prevent its return to the right ventricle.

No man therefore can reasonably deny, 1st. That air, commonly expired from the human lungs, is not fatal to animal life. 2d. That air, simply by mechanical distention of the lungs, greatly aids the passage of blood through them; and hence will be useful or even necessary in suspended animation.

March 4th, 1805.

ORIGINAL LETTERS OF DR. FRANKLIN.

The unlaboured pleasantry and native and unrivalled grace of the correspondence of Dr. Franklin, give his style an individuality, which makes it unnecessary for us to offer any proofs of the genuineness of the following letters. They were written to a relative in this town, who is now living. In the place of his birth there must undoubtedly

exist many more in the hands of individuals, who would confer a very great favour on us by allowing us to give them a less perishable existence than a single sheet.

LETTER I.

To Mrs. Partridge, Boston.

Philadelphia, June 3, 1786.

MY DEAR CHILD,

I HAVE just received your kind letter of the 14th past, which gave me great pleasure, as it informed me of your welfare. You complain with reason of my being a bad correspondent. I confess I have long deserved that character. If you keep my old letters, as I think you once told me you did, you will find in one of July 17, 1767, the best apology I could then make for that fault, and I cannot now make a better. I must therefore refer you to it; only requesting, that you would ascribe my neglect of writing to any cause, rather than to a diminution of that tender, affectionate regard I always had and still retain for you.

I hoped for repose when I solicited my recal from France; but I have not met with it, being as much engaged in business as ever. I enjoy however, a good share of health, (the stone excepted) as does all this family, who join with me in best wishes of happiness to you and yours. I am ever, my dear niece,

Your affectionate uncle,

B. FRANKLIN.

in his 81st year.

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LETTER II.

Philadelphia, Nov. 25, 1788.

MY DEAR CHILD,

I RECEIVED your kind letter of the 12th inst. inclosing one for Mr. Philips Vanhorn, physician in Philadelphia, which you desire me

to deliver, and to solicit the forgiveness of his daughter. I immediately made inquiry for him, as to be instrumental in so charitable a work, and in concurrence with you, would have given me great pleasure, but I am assured by our oldest inhabitants, who have had most acquaintance and best opportunities of knowing their fellow citizens, particularly some of our physicians, that no physician or other person of that name has ever been a resident here; so that there must have been some mistake in the information that has been given you, if indeed the whole story is not an imposition.

You kindly inquire after my health. I have not of late much reason to boast of it. People that will live a long life, and drink to the bottom of the cup, must expect to meet with some of the dregs. However, when I consider how many more terrible maladies the human body is liable to, I think myself well off that I have only three incurable ones, the gout, the stone, and old age; and those notwithstanding, I enjoy many comfortable intervals, in which I forget all my ills, and amuse myself in reading or writing, or in conversation with friends, joking, laughing, and telling merry stories, as when you first knew me, a young man about fifty.

My children and grand-children, the Baches, are all well, and pleased with your remembrance of them. They are my

family, living in my house. And we have lately the addition of a little good-natured girl, whom I begin to love as well as the rest.

You tell me our poor friend Ben. Kent is gone ; I hope to the regions of the blessed ; or at least to some place where souls are prepared for those regions !I found my hope on this, that though not so orthodox as you and I, he was an *honest man*, and had his virtues. If he had any hypocrisy, it was of that inverted kind, with which a man is *not so bad* as he *seems* to be. And *with regard to future bliss*, I cannot help imagining, that multitudes of the zealously orthodox of different sects, who at the last day may flock together, in hopes of seeing each other damned, will be disappointed, and obliged to rest content with their own salvation.

You have no occasion to apologize for your former letter. It was, as all yours are, very well written. That which is inclosed for your cousin came too late, he being failed.

By one of the accidents which war occasions, all my books containing copies of my letters were lost. There were eight volumes

of them, and I have been able to recover only two. Those are of later date than the transaction you mention, and therefore can contain nothing relating to it.If the letter you want a copy of, was one in which I aimed at consoling my brother's friends, by a company drawn from a party of pleasure intended into the country, where we were all to meet, though the chair of one being soonest ready he set out before the rest ; I say if this was the letter, I fancy you may possibly find it in Boston, as I remember Dr. Biles once wrote me that many copies had been taken of it.I too should have been glad to have seen that again among others I had written to him and you : But you inform me they were devoured by the mice. Poor little innocent creatures ; I am very sorry they had no better food. But since they like my letters, here is another treat for them.

Adieu, ma chere enfant, and believe me ever

Your affectionate uncle,

B. FRANKLIN.

My respects to Mr. Partridge and Sarah your daughter.

ARGENIS :

A ROMANCE, TRANSLATED FROM THE LATIN OF BARCLAY.

Continued from p. 187.

TO this relation Archombrotus listened with fixed attention. Already conceiving a warm interest for the royal cause, he gave vent to his feelings, as soon as Potharchus closed, in the bitterest invectives against the partizans of Lycogenes. Afterwards, in the course of the conversation, he

chanced to inquire the age of the princess, "of whom," said he, "fame speaks so loudly that even in the distant climes of Africa there are few to whom the name, the beauty, and accomplishments of Argenis are unknown." This interrogation, to his great surprise, threw his companion into

the deepest confusion. His countenance changed, his looks were downcast, and his voice faltered so much, that his answer that she was just twenty was scarcely audible. His sudden emotion excited the most ardent curiosity in Archombrotus to discover, whether it arose from a fond attachment to Argenis; or whether the current of conversation might not have borne too hardly on feelings, associated with the remembrance of something unsuspected. To satisfy himself on this point he gradually led him into a discussion concerning the pending negotiations and the leader of the malcontents, and, when the countenance of Poliarchus had regained its wonted composure, fixing his eyes upon him in the most scrutinizing manner, he questioned him of the personal charms of the princess and of the manner of her life. This inquiry renewed all his embarrassment, and he could only return a slight evasive answer. He was however relieved from his confusion by the delicacy of Archombrotus, who asked him, "what individuals then formed the ablest support of the royal cause?" "We are not yet," replied he, "so far removed from the fostering care of heaven, as to want citizens, whose talents and virtues honour their rank and entitle to the signal favour of our sovereign. One of the most distinguished for the wisdom of his politicks is Cleobulus. Eurimedes and Arsidas are eminent for their military qualifications, and not less for their general capacity. Ibburanes and Dunalbius, whose merits overbalanced the disadvantage of their foreign extrac-

tion, and raised them to the honors of the holy purple*, have, in all the transactions with Lycogenes, by their unexampled wisdom & firmness supported the dignity of our sovereign in its proudest attitude. We have still others, whose undeviating prudence and fidelity have long since insured them the confidence and affection of Meleander. With their distinguished merits a short residence at court will make you fully conversant."

As the night was now far advanced, they were induced from a politeness, that was reciprocal, to forbear a farther intrusion on each other's repose, and the conversation, as if by concert, soon ceased. The mind of each was, in this interval between watching and slumber, harrassed by its own private cares. The imagination of Archombrotus still dwelt on the unquiet scenes, that had been portrayed by his companion; and the probable nearness of peace excited in him chill and comfortless reflexions. He now despaired of a chance to signalize himself in the presence of Meleander. "Negociation, thought he, will soon put an end to battles, and arms will be useless when there are no enemies to contend with." Then recurred to him the mysterious behaviour of Poliarchus. He could hardly re-

* [*The holy purple.*] From the station, which Urban VIII. and Ubaldinus, the real characters here signified, once held, and because the purple affords a very imprecise criterion of ancient sacerdotal rank, it is most likely, that the author, though a little forgetful of his usual consistency, meant to assign to these feigned worthies of antiquity the rank, as well as the mantle of modern cardinals.

member without a smile, that he could withstand with firmness a host of foes and all the shock of adverse fortune ; but trembled at the name of a mere girl. Yet the emotion was natural ; for the claims of valour, and a mind, and person, all accomplished, formed his highest title to so exalted a connexion, as that with the daughter of his monarch. But still, thought Archombrotus, if Poliarchus lifts his hopes so high, difference of rank will never depress his ardour ; for to lovers no difficulties are insurmountable, and all objects are noble to the eye, that beholds them with fondness. During these moments of silence the mind of Poliarchus was equally employed, and almost bewildered amid schemes, which he had not yet revealed, and which alternately inspired him with joy and apprehension.

At length, when sleep began to overpower their senses, the sound of footsteps echoed through the building, and seemed to grow every moment louder and more frequent. Several of the domesticks collected round the entrance of the guests' apartment and announced to them the approach of Timoclea. Starting in surprize, half wakened from their slumbers, our adventurers hastily threw on their garments, and met her coming. "This night, gentlemen," said she, after making some apology for interrupting their repose, "this night has, I fear, given birth to some terrible disaster, which comes more fearful as the darkness leaves us in suspense, as to its magnitude. The alarm fires, which are kindled on no slight occasion, and only by the

royal order, are at this moment flaming on the summit of every mountain in the country."* At these words she conducted them to the top of the building, where the roof, declining with a gentle slope, formed a delightful terrace walk. The sky was unclouded, and the moon had not risen to lessen the brilliancy of the fires, that now shone from every eminence within the circle of vision. While they were viewing with mute attention these objects, the awful stillness of the night, undisturbed by a whisper, was suddenly interrupted by the sound of human voices, that apparently proceeded from the surrounding habitations and the village, that was hard by. The guests immediately directed that every entrance to the castle should be closed and vigilantly guarded, lest some horde of banditti should improve the present opportunity to attack and plunder it. This Timoclea opposed by observing, that it would be proper to obtain some intelligence of the cause of the publick alarm, and that she would for that purpose dispatch one of her domesticks to the town

* [*The alarm fires.*] In ancient times this, under some peculiar modifications, was the most usual method of conveying intelligence. On the towers of the great Chinese wall the night signals of danger are, at this period, always made by fire ; and on their canals the approach of a distinguished personage is signified in the same manner. With these exceptions, we apprehend, all state dispatches are, where any thing like police regulations prevail, answered either by couriers, or, the most expeditious of all conveyances, the telegraph ; which was, if we mistake not, first made a political instrument by *Chappe*, at the commencement of the French revolution.

of Phthinthia, which was not far distant. To this proposal they most cordially assented, and accordingly descended to order a servant to repair thither, and return, as soon as he should collect any satisfactory information.

(To be continued.)

SILVA.

No. 4.

*Illic purpureis testæ rosariis
Omnis fragrat humus, calthaque pinguis
Et molles violas et tenues crocos
Fundit fonticulis uda fugacibus.*—PRUDENTIUS.

MILFORD'S GREECE.

THE history of Greece by Milford is the best in the English language. No attention is paid to the style, which is careless, uncompressed, harsh, and sometimes obscure. But the political disquisitions are admirable. The superficial reasons of the frequent wars between the petty states of Greece are obliterated, and the true, genuine causes of those controversies are exhibited, explained, confirmed, and completely substantiated. In the text the reader will sometimes discover allusions either plain or indirect to the events of the French revolution. This is a fault of judgment. It destroys the unity of composition and hurts the severe dignity of historical writing. The chapters on literature and philosophy are not so attractive as the correspondent parts in Gillies, yet in every other respect, except style, (and even in this Milford is only less than the least) he maintains an unquestionable superiority over every competitor.

—
MADemoISELLE GEORGES.

How lovely, bewitching, and voluptuous is Mademoiselle Georges! She is the pride of the French theatre in tragedy. She is not yet thirty years old, and has all the charms of eighteen.

Never did I behold a more perfect form, and what an air of dignity in her march, what power of passion in her look! Certainly Praxiteles would by her have modelled a Psyche, and the inhabitants of Cnidus would have adored her as the beauteous Queen of love, that rose from the froth of the sea. The Parisians do her reverence. She is their idol, their continual song, their daily subject of rapture and exclamation, *Qu'elle est belle, l'Enchanteresse, Oh, mon Dieu, mademoiselle Georges n'est pas une mortelle, elle est un ange.* The Parisians are right.

—
DR. KIPLING.

Good scholars sometimes blunder egregiously in writing Latin. Every one knows, that in the University of Cambridge is the celebrated Greek manuscript of the New Testament, called, Codex Theodori Beza Cantabrigiensis. Dr. Kipling was appointed to make a fac simile of this precious rarity; and in his preface, giving an account of his work, I am told he says most inaccurately "*in his paginibus*;" and "*ut omitto.*" Porson ridiculed the Doctor in some Latin verses for his shameful blunders; but the Doctor laughed at the Professor, for he was soon rewarded with the fat

deanery of Peterborough, and then, as if after a good dinner, he lazily proved the articles of the Church of England not to be Calvinistick. Certainly this is extraordinary ; here is bad Latin before, and strange theology after promotion to a plump, round, favourable deanery. Well might Oxenstiern say to his son, "*Nescis, mi fili, quam parva cum sapientiâ regitur mundus*" ; you know not, my son, with how little wisdom the world is governed.

—
MODES OF STUDY.

THE present method of becoming learned is remarkably pleasant. Old Lord Coke was such a dull, heavy-moulded fellow, that he could not become a lawyer, but after the plodding of twenty years, *viginti annorum lucubrationes*. My friends take a much better way ; they lounge in Cornhill or at the bookstore till 1 o'clock, having previously read the newspaper ; in the afternoon they solemnly ponder a law case, while they indolently puff a segar ; they study remainders in the Edinburgh review, and find the doctrine of insurance in Pliny's panegyrick. This is very delightful. There was a time, *melioribus olim auspiciis*, when Grotius, Clarke, Cudworth, and the others with whom Warburton was intimately acquainted, were in every clergyman's library, and daily examined, collated, confirmed or confuted ; but now my friends read Pope to learn polemicks, and imitate the continual labours and unconquerable religious ardour of St. Paul by drinking not "a little wine for the stomach's sake." This is charmingly pleasant. Some of

them write pamphlets and say religion is in ruins ; others of them read and say, there is no danger at all. This easy, good-natured way of becoming divines and dignitaries, they told me they had learnt from Butler, Watson, Sutton, and Horfeley ; and was the same that was practised by Chauncey, Mayhew, and Edwards, and to prove that it was an excellent plan they whispered in confidence that there was in the press a treatise "de veritate," &c. equal to that by Grotius, and that a translation of Isaiah was nearly ready by an American Lowth.

—
JOHNSON AND BURKE.

A fashionable lady observed profoundly to a conceited fop, "that the Rambler was a *pretty* book ;" "yes, madam," said the fool, "and I think Burke a very *pleasant* writer." Such are the remarks bestowed on the two greatest heroes of modern literature by a silly woman and a beau. It grieves me to the soul when mighty minds are thus eulogised. Can a fly understand the awful grandeur and harmonious proportions of St. Paul's ? Can the immense expanse of the heavens be comprehended by the insect, that crawls in the grass ? Shall Johnson be praised by one of the *quotidianarum harum formarum* ? Shall Burke be called "pleasant" by a fop, a fool, a thing begotten by stupidity on vanity ? Is Burke to be thus honoured, whose eloquence arrested iron-handed oppression in the East Indies ; who protected the infancy of American independence ; who saw and foretold the coming storm and wide-wasting desolation of French

ruin and democracy ; whose eloquence was like Palmyra in the day of her beauty in the desert, because it was unequalled in the variety of its forms ; it was original in the plan and contexture of the parts ; it was alone in its kind, for the senate was astonished at its novelty and the criticks could apply to it no principles of analysis ; thus stood the city in the sands, towering to the clouds, stretching far to the horizon, solitary and sublime. Burke's compositions are like his eloquence, for he spoke, as he thought, and so he wrote. He had no model. He created his own standard. I cannot praise him, I can only feel, that he is beyond all praise.

—
CHILDREN.

I AM a great advocate for whipping children. Some persons talk of reasoning with such beings ; it is impossible ; they cannot be governed by appealing to their good sense, their dutifulness, their love of parents, and respect for instructors. How passionate, irrational a creature is man at full age, in the height of his faculties, in the bloom of his excellence ! Do you think children more reasonable, because they are younger ? If they played truant, would a lecture on the importance of education be so good to their minds, as the rod to their backs ? Parents may rely on it, that they are too indulgent, if they never whip, and seldom scold. The mother has generally the care of the young, and very often contrives to hide from the father the faults of the child ; and sometimes even he hides from himself the wicked

tricks of the boy or the girl. The child deceives both, and the instructor deceives all. Butler says,

Doubtless the pleasure is as great
Of being cheated, as to cheat ;

and when I survey the education, commonly practised, I am apt to think Butler was very right, for never did I read or remark such a general system of cheats, cheaters, and cheated.

—
BEAUTY, AND VENUS DE MEDICIS.

MORALISTS have sufficiently declaimed against beauty. I love to look at a woman, whose face is all harmony, and her eye, all intelligence. Where is the evil ? My perceptions are those of innocent pleasure. I am formed to take delight in the delicate glow of the rose, in the thick, green foliage of the myrtle, in the pleasant duskiness of twilight, and in the song of the morning bird. Shall I look cold on the animated beauty of a woman ? I am not to be blamed if I express my ardent admiration of exquisite proportion, of a skin, delicate in its fibres, soft in the touch, and coloured, beyond all power of painting. If the Venus de Medicis in the Louvre attracts all eyes and entrances all hearts, what a being should I be to look unmoved on one, superiour to the Venus, because animation gives a charm, which the sculptor could not impart, and intelligence is not to be found in the statue. Yet, except the female to whom I refer, this work of the chisel approaches nearest to perfection. The modesty of the attitude, the wonderful harmony of the curves, so gentle, and easy, and various,

and the diminished size of the form render it the unceasing object of admiration. It has a decided superiority to the Venus of the Capitol, but the causes I care not to relate. There is a mysterious peculiarity in the neck and one of the feet, which I cannot explain; they are gracefulness itself; they beggar description. The form, the gently swelling and falling curves, concave and convex, of the right foot, seem to indicate, that there the sculptor ended, for there he made perfection. Other parts are exquisite. The head, the arms, and the breast are beautiful, and the legs are small, delicate, and poetically formed, for they never existed in nature. If a native of Spain travelled to Rome to see the person of the historian Livy, and having fulfilled his object, returned home and was satisfied; a foreigner may visit Paris, and having surveyed only the work of Cleomenes, son of Apollodorus, he may return to his country contented, for his time has not been expended in vain.

—
BOSTON LATIN LITERATURE.

AFTER a very severe scrutiny, for friendship in such subjects is nonsense, I am bold to say, that the metropolis of Massachusetts does not contain more than two or three ripe Latin scholars. I leave this fact on record for the information of our children. As to Greek I shall say nothing at present. But I do not believe, that there are more than three persons, and perhaps not three, who are "at home" in the language of Tully and Tacitus. This reflects no credit on the gen-

eral system of prevalent education, or on the application of the candidates for literary renown. A smattering of Latin is common enough among us, but who can comment on Horace, like Hurd, who can analyse Plautus? A gentleman here, I say it with shame, for I honour the capital of New England and the mother of the revolution, gains the reputation of "a good Latin scholar," if he can translate a motto in a title page, or a quotation in the newspaper; if he has a collection of the classics and can talk about Fowles and Casaubon, Mattaire and Barbou. Physicians ought to know the language of the elder Pliny and the pure Celsus, but I am afraid that here they travel very little beyond the bounds of an ordinary vocabulary. Lawyers are as bad, perhaps worse; I do indeed know one or two who read "Quintilian with effect," but all the others and the young disputants at the bar particularly are beyond all censure, for they have forgotten what they had learned at College; they can currently repeat a maxim of the civil law, perhaps say half of a common Ciceronian sentence, stumble in Sallust, and declare, that Horace is hard. I approach the clergy with reverence. I will not enter into details, but if they wish to gain a durable renown; if they hope to write with purity, and simplicity, and correctness; if they consider themselves the monuments of learning, as the world is apt to consider them, let them gain their honourable objects by a diligent perusal of the classics, and prove their title to the sons of the Muses by shewing

something more, than a parchment diploma, to which they certainly could not have returned a letter full of finished latinity, literary compliment, and diffident, yet exulting gratitude. The sub-

ject is not exhausted, but I am afraid, that I shall be considered as tearing away ornaments, and fringe, and gold, and lace, with all the zeal and as little sense, as Jack in the "tale of the tub."

POETRY.

The following ode, though from the hand of Dryden, has never been introduced into the popular collections of poetry, and will therefore be new to many of our readers. We have also another motive for copying it; the extravagant eulogy it has received from Dr. Johnson. "It is," says he, "undoubtedly the noblest ode that our language has ever produced. The first part flows with a torrent of enthusiasm. Fervet immensusque ruit. All the stanzas as indeed are not equal. An imperial crown cannot be one continual diamond; the gems must be held together by some less valuable matter."—Perhaps some of our readers will hesitate to join in this prodigality of praise, even though from the pen of Johnson. The 7th stanza is really pitiful, and the imagery even of the 1st, though noble, is yet strained and somewhat confused. The ode is however characteristic of Dryden; of an imagination, which pours around its treasures with careless magnificence; of a mind, which though lofty, and affluent, is yet seldom glowing and impassioned; of a mind, which with all its grandeur, vigour, and grace, often degrades its dignity by conceits, clenches, and witlicisms, and even sometimes plunges into "the abyss of unideal vacancy."

AN ODE.

To the pious memory of the accomplished young lady Mrs. ANNE KILLIGREW, excellent in the two sister-arts of Poetry and Painting.

I.

THOU youngest virgin daughter of
the skies,
Made in the last promotion of the blest;
Whose palms, new pluck'd from paradise,
In spreading branches more sublimely
rise,

Rich with immortal green, above the
rest:

[star,
Whether, adopted to some neighb'ring
Thou roll'st above us, in thy wand'ring
race,

Or, in procession fix'd and regular,
Mov'd with the Heav'n's majestick
pace;

Or, call'd to more superiour blifs,
Thou tread'st, with seraphims, the vast
abyss:

Whatever happy region is thy place,
Cease thy celestial song a little space;
Thou wilt have time enough for hymns
divine,

Since Heav'n's eternal year is thine.
Hear then a mortal muse thy praise
rehearse,

In no ignoble verse;

But such as thy own voice did practise
here,

When thy first fruits of poesy were giv'n;
To make thyself a welcome inmate
there;

While yet a young probationer,
And candidate of Heav'n.

II.

If by traduction came thy mind,
Our wonder is the less to find
A soul so charming from a stock so good:
Thy father was transfus'd into thy
blood:

So wert thou born into a tuneful strain,
An early, rich, and inexhausted vein.

But if thy pre-existing soul
Was form'd, at first, with myriads
more,

It did through all the mighty poets roll,
Who Greek or Latin laurels wore,
And was that Sappho last, which once
it was before.

If so, then cease thy flight, O Heav'n-
born mind!

Thou hast no dross to purge from thy
rich ore:

Nor can thy soul a fairer mansion find,
Than was the beauteous frame she
left behind :
Return to fill or mend the choir of thy
celestial kind.

III.

May we presume to say, that, at thy
birth,
New joy was sprung in Heav'n, as well
as here on earth.
For sure the milder planets did combine
On thy auspicious horoscope to shine,
And e'en the most malicious were
in trine.

Thy brother-angels at thy birth
Strung each his lyre, and tun'd it
high,
That all the people of the sky
Might know a poetess was born on
earth.

And then, if ever, mortal ears
Had heard the musick of the spheres.
And if no clust'ring swarm of bees
On thy sweet mouth distill'd their gol-
den dew,
'Twas that such vulgar miracles
Heav'n had not leisure to renew :
For all thy blest fraternity of love
Solemniz'd there thy birth, and kept thy
holy-day above.

IV.

O Gracious God ! how far have we
Prophan'd thy heav'nly gift of poetry ?
Made prostitute and profligate the muse,
Debas'd to each obscene and impious use,
Whose harmony was first ordain'd above
For tongues of Angels, and for hymns
of love ?

O wretched we ! why were we hurry'd
down

This lubrique and adult'rate age,
(Nay added fat pollutions of our own)
T' increase the streaming ordures of the
stage ?

What can we say t'excuse our second fall :
Let this thy vestal, Heav'n, atone for all :
Her Arethusian stream remains unsoil'd,
Unmix'd with foreign filth, and undefil'd ;
* Her wit was more than man, her inno-
cence a child.

V.

Art she had none, yet wanted none ;
For Nature did that want supply :

* *The original of Pope's line in his epi-
taph on Gay,*

"*In wit a man, simplicity a child.*" E.

So rich in treasures of her own,
She might our boasted stores defy :
Such noble vigour did her verse adorn,
That it seem'd borrow'd, where 'twas
only born.

Her morals too were in her bosom bred,
By great examples daily fed,
What in the best of books, her father's
life, she read.

And to be read herself she need not fear ;
Each test, and ev'ry light, her muse will
bear,

Though Epictetus with his lamp were
there.

E'en love (for love sometimes her muse
express'd)

Was but a lambent flame which play'd
about her breast :

Light as the vapours of a morning dream,
So cold herself, whilst she such warmth
express'd,

'Twas Cupid bathing in Diana's stream.

VI.

Born to the spacious empire of the Nine,
One wou'd have thought, she shou'd
have been content

To manage well that mighty govern-
ment ;

But what can young ambitious souls
confine ?

To the next realm she stretch'd her
fway,

For painture near adjoining lay,
A plenteous province, and alluring prey.

A chamber of dependencies was fram'd,
(As conquerors will never want pre-
tence,

When arm'd, to justify th' offence)
And the whole fief, in right of poetry,
she claim'd.

The country open lay without defence ;
For poets frequent inroads there had
made,

And perfectly cou'd represent
The shape, the face, with ev'ry lineam-
ent ;

And all the large domains which the
dumb sister fway'd.

All bow'd beneath her government,
Receiv'd in triumph wheresoe'er she
went,

Her pencil drew, whate'er her soul de-
sign'd,

And oft the happy draught surpass'd the
image in her mind.

The Sylvan scenes of herds and flocks,
And fruitful plains and barren rocks,

Of shallow brooks that flow'd so clear,
 The bottom did the top appear ;
 Of deeper too and ampler floods,
 Which, as in mirrours, shew'd the
 woods ;
 Of lofty trees, with sacred shades
 And perspectives of pleasant glades,
 Where nymphs of brightest form ap-
 pear,
 And shaggy satyrs standing near,
 Which them at once admire and fear.
 The ruins too of some majestick piece,
 Boasting the pow'r of ancient Rome
 or Greece,
 Whose statues, friezes, columns brok-
 en lye,
 And, though defac'd, the wonder of
 the eye ;
 What Nature, Art, bold Fiction e'er
 durst frame,
 Her forming hand gave feature to the
 name.
 So strange a concourse ne'er was seen
 before,
 But when the peopl'd ark the whole
 creation bore.

VII.

The scene then chang'd, with bold
 erected look
 Our martial king the sight with rev-
 'rence strook :
 For not content t' express his outward
 part,
 Her hand call'd out the image of his
 heart :
 His warlike mind, his soul devoid of fear,
 His high-designing thoughts were fig-
 ur'd there,
 As when, by magick, ghosts are made
 appear.
 Our Phœnix Queen was pourtray'd
 too so bright,
 Beauty alone cou'd beauty take so right :
 Her dress, her shape, her matchless grace,
 Were all observ'd, as well as heav'nly
 face.
 With such a peerless majesty she stands,
 As in that day she took the crown from
 sacred hands :
 Before a train of heroines was seen,
 In beauty foremost, as in rank, the Queen.
 Thus nothing to her genius was de-
 ny'd,
 But like a ball of fire the further thrown,
 Still with a greater blaze she shone,
 And her bright soul broke out on ev'ry
 side.

What next she had design'd, Heaven
 only knows .
 To such immod'rate growth her con-
 quest rose,
 That fate alone its progress cou'd op-
 pose.

VIII.

Now all those charms, that blooming
 grace,
 The well-proportion'd shape, and beau-
 teous face,
 Shall never more be seen by mortal eyes ;
 In earth the much-lamented virgin lyes,
 Not wit, nor piety, cou'd fate pre-
 vent ;
 Nor was the cruel *destiny* content
 To finish all the murder at a blow,
 To sweep at once her life, and beauty
 too ;
 But, like a harden'd felon, took a pride
 To work more mischievously slow,
 And plunder'd first, and then de-
 stroy'd.
 O double sacrilege on things divine
 To rob the relick, and deface the shrine !
 But thus Orinda dy'd :
 Heaven, by the same disease, did both
 translate ;
 As equal were their souls, so equal was
 their fate.

IX.

Mean-time her warlike brother on
 the seas
 His waving streamers to the winds
 displays,
 And vows for his return, with vain de-
 votion, pays.
 Ah generous youth, that wish forbear,
 The winds too soon will waft thee here !
 Slack all thy sails, and fear to come,
 Alas, thou know'st not, thou art wreck'd
 at home !
 No more shalt thou behold thy sister's
 face,
 Thou hast already had her last embrace.
 But look aloft, and if thou ken'st from far
 Among the Pleiads a new-kindled star,
 If any sparkles, than the rest more
 bright ;
 'Tis she that shines in that propitious
 light.
 When in mid-air the golden trump
 shall sound,
 To raise the nations under ground ;
 When, in the valley of Jehoshaphat,
 The Judging God shall close the book
 of fate ;

And there the last *affixes* keep,
 For those who wake, and those who
 sleep :
 When rattling bones together fly
 From the four corners of the sky ;
 When sinews o'er the skeletons are
 spread,
 Those cloth'd with flesh, and life in-
 spires the dead ;
 The sacred poets first shall hear the
 sound,
 And foremost from the tomb shall
 bound,
 For they are cover'd with the lightest
 ground ;
 And straight, with in-born vigour, on
 the wing,
 Like mounting larks, to the new morn-
 ing sing.
 There thou, Sweet Saint, before the
 choir shall go,
 As harbinger of Heav'n, the way to
 show,
 The way, which thou so well hast learnt
 below.

HYMN.

*Written during the late violent Thunder-
 Storm.....11th May, 1805.*

1.

GREAT GOD, thy wond'rous pow'r and
 might
 The heaven and earth surround ;
 Thou didst but speak and all was light,
 Above, below, around.

2.

Thy word decreed the glorious sun
 To cheer each op'ning day ;
 Bade him his daily course to run,
 And life and light convey.

3.

The silver orb of night proclaims
 Thy majesty and skill ;
 The stars attend their various names,
 Obedient to thy will.

4.

Tempests and storms at thy command,
 Urg'd by the northern blast,
 Sweep o'er the richest, noblest land,
 And leave a dreary waste.

5.

Pale lightnings dart along the skies,
 And deep-ton'd thunders roll ;
 Black clouds, and angry winds arise,
 And range from pole to pole.

6.

The rattling thunder's dreadful roar
 Speaks loud thy pow'r abroad ;
 And tells in peals from shore to shore
 The majesty of God.

7.

But though thy greatness and thy pow'r
 In dazzling splendour shine,
 Not less thy wisdom ev'ry hour
 Displays a hand divine.

8.

Still thy vast mercy is the theme,
 Which draws our hearts above ;
 Beyond thy pow'r and wisdom seem
 Thy goodness and thy love.

*We should be grateful, if some correspondent
 of taste and leisure would translate the
 following very beautiful lines, from the
 Lusus Poetici of Dr. Fortin.*

QUALIS per nemorum nigra silentia,
 Vallesque irriguas, et virides domos
 Serpit fons placidus murmure languido,
 Secretum peragens iter ;

Flexas per patrios circumagens aquas
 Paulum ludit agros, et sinuat fugam,
 Donac præcipiti jam pede defluus
 Miscetur gremio maris :

'Talis per tacitam devia semitam
 Ætas diffugiat, non opibus gravis,
 Non experta fori gurgia turbidi, aut
 Palmae fanguineum decus :

Cumque instant tenebrae et lus brevis
 occidit,
 Et ludo satura et fessa laboribus
 Somni frater iners membra jacentia
 Componat gelida manu.

THE BOSTON REVIEW,

FOR JUNE, 1805.

Librum tuum legi & quam diligentissime potui annotavi, quæ commutanda, quæ eximenda arbitrarer. Nam ego dicere verum assuevi. Neque ulli patientius reprehenduntur, quam qui maxime laudari merentur.—PLINY.

ARTICLE 39.

Collections of the Massachusetts Historical Society for the year 1794. Vol. 3d. Boston. Joseph Belknap. 1794. pp. 304.

THE two former volumes of this work were reviewed in our Nos. for October and November, 1804. The third presents to the common reader the same want of interest, and to the antiquarian the same fund of detail and curious matter. This is the general character; but some of the papers are valuable to all classes, and most of them to the geographer and historian. As the communications profess principally to relate facts, it would require a greater range of research and correspondence, than we possess, to contradict them; and as they are written by all persons, who have knowledge, but perhaps not taste, we shall not make many observations on the style; but as the contributors are frequently clergymen liberally educated, we may be allowed to hope, that while they imitate the virtues of the disciples, they will not assume the phraseology of fishermen, and they may recollect, that the pupil of Gamaliel was not inferior in zeal and success to those who daily toiled with their nets in the lakes of Galilee.

Description of Middleborough.

A good topography; with a short account of a land turtle, 44 years old.

Bill of mortality in Hartford, with remarks geographical and historical.

Topographical description of York, by the Hon. David Sewall. Interesting and valuable. Such is the healthfulness of the climate, that one person out of seven lives beyond the age of seventy. To this is added an appendix on "Agamenticus," by Dr. Belknap.

Topographical description of the town of Barnstable, by Rev. Mr. Mellen. Full of detail and some excellent advice on agriculture. He says, that nervous complaints are frequent, but it is problematical, whether they arise from the sea air or from the great use of tea. We know not why he should insinuate any thing against the Chinese herb. If the Barnstable ladies drink black Bohea, we cannot help it; but the high flavour, and frequent potations of Hyson or Gunpowder tea, were never so injurious, as the rheumatick blasts of the poisonous sea wind.

Description of Holliston.

Extract from a manuscript journal of a gentleman, belonging to the army, while under the command of major-general St. Clair.

This is chiefly geographical, and contains some interesting remarks on the Indians of the Ohio and Canada.

Governour Bradford's letter book. This title comprehends various letters from and to the first settlers of Massachusetts, their friends in England and Holland, and other persons, on the subject of the colonies in matters political, ecclesiastical, speculative, and necessary. They contain much authentick information, sometimes dry like Hebrew roots, and sometimes, like Gov. Bradford's rose, sweet and fragrant.

A descriptive and historical account of New England, in verse, from a MS. of William Bradford, governour of Plymouth Colony. Curious poetry, but worth reading. The following verses may differently interest the ignorant grazier and the political œconomist.

A cow then was at twenty pounds and five,
Those who had increase could not choose but thrive ;
And a cow calf, ten or twelve pounds would give,
As soon as weaned, if that it did live.
A lamb, or kid was forty shillings price,
Men were earnest for them, lest they should rise.
And a milch goat, was at three or four pound ;
All cattle at such prices went off round.
In money and good cloth, they would you pay,
Or what good thing else that you would say,
And both swine and corn was in good request,
To the first comers this was a harvest.

A topographical description of the county of Prince George in Virginia, 1793, by Rev. J. J. Spooner. This paper is useful,

full of information, and in a style, rather above the common. We insert two curious extracts.

Two complete skeletons of whales, or some very large fish, I have seen in this neighbourhood ; the one in the bank of the river, at Coggin's Point ; the other some workmen met with, two years ago, in digging into a gravelly knoll at the side of a water course for the foundation of a mill. Poplar and walnut trees of a large growth, perfect in their shape and form, have been found at the depth of thirty-five feet in the earth. These appearances, in a less or greater degree, extend over the whole champaign country, from the falls of the rivers, to the sea, and (if my information is just) through the whole flat country of the southern States to St. Augustine, in East Florida. Above the falls of the rivers the ground rises and is more hilly, and the bowels of the earth are totally different in their foundation.

I cannot forbear to mention a singular occurrence, that happened at an old mill, which stood near where the above now stands. About three years since the miller, finding there was some impediment that prevented the mill going as fast as usual, went to the wheel to see what affected it ; when behold a serpent of an enormous size had got entwined in the wheel, so that he could not extricate himself. He quickly stopt it, and with the assistance of some others, killed it ; after which they measured its length with a fence-rail, which are usually here about eleven feet in length, when it appeared to be the full length of the rail, after its head had been partly cut off ; no one had the curiosity to measure its bulk. This fact is well attested both by whites and blacks. It was destroyed and thrown into the creek before I heard of it.

Remarks on Mr. Webster's calculations.

Mr. Webster's reply.

Miscellaneous remarks and observations on Nova Scotia, New Brunswick, and Cape Breton. Geography in detail.

Description of the Atherine.

Letter from Rev. Andrew Eliot to Rev. John Eliot, on the burning of Fairfield in July, 1779. Useful to the historian. In war rapine and conflagration must always be expected. The English were generous enemies, during the revolution, and have since been honourable friends.

Governour Shirley's letter respecting Fort Dummer.

Two original letters from Dr. Franklin to the Hon. Thomas Cushing, speaker of the house of representatives. The first letter contains a long and interesting account of Franklin's agency in London at the period of the discussion of colonial affairs before the Privy Council, when he was severely lacerated by the late Lord Loughborough, then Solicitor Wedderburne. Franklin's story is very pleasant. His reputation is too high, for he was a sorry politician, and his philosophy is more praised, than known. His fame will rest on his style.

Topographical description of Wellfleet in the county of Barnstable.

Letter from Dr. Increase Mather to Governour Dudley. This is sufficiently impudent and insulting to the Governour.

Letter from Dr. C. Mather to Governour Dudley. The Mathers were an illustrious race. They were learned and pious, yet they have roundly abused Gov. Dudley, accusing him of weak conduct and shameful crimes in his official station.

An original letter from Governour Dudley to Dr. Increase and Dr. Cotton Mather. Here the Governour defends himself and seems very angry at the charges

of his correspondents. Non nobis est, &c.

Extract from Dr. Cotton Mather's private diary. In this extract Dudley is called "a wretch." This whole affair between the Mathers and the Governour would be interesting, if properly and impartially related.

A topographical description of Wells.

A topographical description of Topsham in the county of Lincoln, by Rev. John Ellis.

A topographical description of Machias, by John Cooper, Esq.

An additional account of Middleborough, by Rev. Isaac Backus. The following remark is just and valuable.

Our fathers began the plantation of New England, in the poorest part of it. The land between Plymouth and Wareham, and between Sandwich and Falmouth, is so barren, that a number of deer run wild in the woods there, to this day. And there are very few men in any part of the old colony of Plymouth who are very rich, but the people are more upon a level than in most parts of our country. And as it was first planted by a religious, prudent, and industrious people, their posterity retain so much of those excellent qualities, that capital crimes are less known here, than in many other places. There has not been any person hanged in Plymouth county for above these sixty years past. Neither were the courts interrupted in this county, in 1786, as they were in many other parts of the land. The goodness of God, and not the goodness of man, ought to have all the glory.

A topographical description of Nantucket.

Account of the first settlement of Nantucket, &c. by Zaccheus Macy. Good old Zaccheus tells his story very well, though he is nearly octogenary. The Indians,

the whales, and Peter Folger have a plain, pleasant historian.

Births, marriages, and deaths in the island of Nantucket.

Progress of the whale fishery at Nantucket.

Letters from Granville Sharp on the subject of American bishops. These will be useful for an Episcopal Church history, but were we permitted by an illustrious living character, an interesting memoir might be presented to the publick on American Episcopacy.

A topographical description of the town of Raynham in the county of Bristol, by the Rev. Perez Forbes. This is a good communication, but very eccentric. It seems that the Raynhamites are a mighty good sort of folks, for Dr. Forbes says, "the people here can appeal to the living and to the dead when they say, that not among their number was ever yet found, either a tory, a paper money man, or insurgent." We are happy to find, that pine and cedar swamps make excellent iron ore; the information is certainly new, but the Dr. gravely assures us, that "the time may come when it will be easy and as common to raise a bed of bog ore, as a bed of carrots." Hereafter it will be said, "*novus seclorum nascitur ordo*," in Europe Darwin proposed to change the winds, and in America Forbes thought that he could produce iron ore in all the wild luxuriance of carrot beds.

Genealogical description of the family of Leonard.

Letter from Rev. Isaac Backus on iron ore.

Literary advertisement on the

subject of a history of the ancient colony of Plymouth in New England, by Perez Forbes. We believe that this history was never published.

Various letters from Rev. John Eliot of Roxbury to Hon. Robert Boyle. These principally relate to the propagation of Christian knowledge among the Indians, about 1677 and 1688.

Biographical and topographical anecdotes respecting Sandwich and Marshpee.

A list of the Governours and Commanders in Chief of Massachusetts and Plymouth.

Topographical description of Truro in the county of Barnstable. If this account be true, there is a worse place of habitation in the world, than the black rock of the tempestuous Euxine, to which Diogenes was banished. Almost every thing in Truro exhibits desolation and dismay. The soil is nothing but sand, and that sand is driven about by the wind. The inhabitants raise a scanty subsistence from the marshes for their cattle, and they themselves depend on the productions of the sea; yet it seems that they must sometimes have plenty of good things for dinner, for the shores abound with brant, plover, and widgeon. A curious fact is related. "The water in the wells, which is very little above the level of the ocean, is in general soft and excellent. Wells dug near the shore are dry at low water, or rather at what is called young flood, but are replenished by the flowing of the tide." This depends on the same principle of percolation, as is ad-

vanced by Lord Bacon with regard to Cæsar's wells in Egypt.

Key into the language of the Indians of New England, with observations on their customs, manners, &c. &c. This was first printed in London in 1643. It is now very properly republished. It is a very amusing, important, and excellent communication. We wish that we had room for more than one extract.

It may be wondered, why, since New England is about twelve degrees nearer to the sun, yet some part of winter it is there ordinarily more cold, than here in England. The reason is plain. All islands are warmer than main lands and continents. England being an island, England's winds are sea winds, which are commonly more thick and vapoury, and warmer winds. The north west wind, which occasioneth New England cold, comes over the cold frozen land, and over many millions of loads of snow. And yet the pure wholesomeness of the air is wonderful; and the warmth of the sun such in the sharpest weather, that I have often seen the natives' children run about stark naked in the coldest days, and the Indian men and women lie by a fire in the woods in the coldest nights; and I have been often out myself on such nights, without fire, mercifully and wonderfully preserved.

Plantation on Sebago Pond.

A topographical and historical description of Boston. An accurate paper, plentiful in minute truth and valuable detail.

We have thus cursorily mentioned all the articles in this volume. Our limits would not permit long investigations or copious extracts. We trust that the Historical Society will have no cause to lament the want of publick patronage. The members should be proud of their institution, which is an honour to the country, and

its founders deserve and will receive perpetual renown.

ART. 40.

Letters from London : written during the years 1802 and 1803. By William Austin. Boston, printed for W. Pelham. 8vo. pp. 312.

AMIDST the multiplicity of travels, if there be few, which have just claim to excellence, it must be attributed to some incapacity in the writer. Of those who visit foreign countries, and describe the peculiarities which distinguish them, it is rare to find one, who has prepared for the undertaking by previous reading and enlarged conversation. Hence the traveller is warped in his judgment by preconceived opinions, and viewing men and things through the hazy medium of prejudice, sees no object in its just light, but frequently draws absurd inferences, and conclusions widely distant from truth.

The writer of these letters is not free from this censure, and, though by no means void of talents, in the present instance, has undertaken a task, to which he is unequal. Mr. Austin, who is rather ostentatious in the display of his classic knowledge, should have recollected the advice of Horace.

Sumite materiam vestris, qui scribitis,
aquam

Viribus; et versate diu, quid ferre recusent

Quid valeant humeri.

An accurate knowledge of the British nation is not to be acquired by a visit to Rag-fair, nor in the apartments of a prostitute,

nor yet by the conversation of such men as Holcroft, Godwin, and Peter Pindar. The English may say in the words of the letter-writer.... "It is our misfortune to have been visited by those, who, far from being philosophers, estimate England agreeably to the views of Americans." P. 7.

But notwithstanding the general spirit of prejudice, which pervades these letters, arising from the fervour of his republicanism, our author is sometimes happy in his remarks. We consider the following character of the English distinguished by truth and justice.

Part of their character might induce you to imagine them a feeble, inefficient, secondary race of men. But you would be greatly mistaken. The English are never greater, than on those occasions when most men would despair. They are restless under uncertainty, fearful from contingency, undone from anticipation. But mark out the time when, with its duration, and the place where; let the sum total of what they are required to endure be precisely calculated; connect these circumstances with the honour of Old England, and they are equal to all occasions. They submit to phantoms of their own creation, but can bear real misfortune with complacency. P. 84.

The remarks of Mr. Austin in the 14th Letter on servants and masters prove that he is not well acquainted at least with one of the relative duties, and when he talks of the *majestick carriage of American servants*, we who are well acquainted with their ignorance, impudence, and incapacity, can scarcely think him serious.

We quote the following passage as a specimen of that absurd vanity, by which, we are sorry to

observe, some of our countrymen are little less distinguished than the French themselves, with very inferior pretensions.

But they were not a little surprised, when I told them, excepting London, there were no cities in England which could vie with New York, Philadelphia, or even Boston. A regret was expressed that we were no longer the same people. I laughingly told them, *that* was their own fault, for the United States would, doubtless, *accept them as a colony*. P. 255.

The volume closes with the characters of the most eminent lawyers and distinguished statesmen, in the delineation of which Mr. Austin has not unhappily laboured. He displays no inconsiderable eloquence, and were he to lay aside his prejudices in favour of the wrong-headed disciples of the new school, he certainly possesses sufficient talents to form a respectable writer. But we cannot entirely coincide with Mr. Austin, respecting England, its constitution, and its manners; and having enjoyed, by the residence of many years in that country, opportunities, not inferior perhaps to those of Mr. Austin, of acquiring accurate knowledge of that interesting island, though we cannot boast the felicity of having visited Ragfair, or of dining with the illustrious trio, Godwin, Holcroft, and Wolcott, we feel more inclined to subscribe to the panegyrick of Thomson.

'Island of bliss! amid the subject sea
'That thunders round thy rocky coast,
 set up,
'At once the wonder, terrour, and delight
'Of distant nations, whose remotest shore
'Can soon be shaken by thy naval arm,

' Not to be shook thyself ; but all as-
faults

! Baffling, as thy hoar cliffs, the loud
sea wave.' Seasons.

The style of Mr. Austin is not entirely free from impurities, and his prejudices against England have induced him to commit some outrages on her language. He employs the verb *conduct* in an active sense. He talks of *hesitating an enterprize*, uses the word *lengthy*, which is not English, and *tarry*, which is obsolete. His sentiments however are vastly more reprehensible, than his language, and we can more readily pardon a few blemishes of style, than his admiration of Godwin, and panegyrick on Horne Tooke. We subjoin the character of Windham, as a specimen of Mr. Austin's best manner. It is certainly written with considerable ability, premising, however, that the author has entirely mistaken some of its features. The noble nature and chivalrous spirit of Windham are wholly inconsistent with the *cold heart* ascribed to him.

His graceful person, his serious air, his bald head, joined to his deliberate, distinct utterance, give him, at once, a senatorial dignity, independent of his various intellectual forces.

I have seen Mr. Windham out of place only ; I have seen him only in pursuit of Mr. Addington. How he would appear on the treasury bench, I can only imagine. But in his present seat, he discovers nothing but his talons ; and with all the unfeeling instinct of the bird of prey, he fixes on the neck of the minister, who, unlike Pitt, all over Achilles, is all over vulnerable, and daily bleeds afresh.

Nothing great, nothing manly, nothing conciliatory mark the course of Windham ; whether he rises in meditated, or instantaneous, assault, he dis-

covers at once the object of his destruction. No disguise, the man cannot hide his features, it is forever the same inveterate spirit. *Idem habitus oris, eadem contumacia in vultu, idem in oratione spiritus est.* Passing by the plausible Hawkesbury, the laborious York, and the elegant Castlereagh, auxiliaries of the minister, he never suffers one of his arrows to glance the heart of Addington. He is terrible to his enemy as those enormous serpents, who carry with them three fold terror ; whose fangs are not less fatal than the squeeze of their bodies, nor these less fatal, than the lash of their tails. His instant downright attack precludes all escape, while his close logick, lengthened out in the winding subtlety of metaphysical reasoning leaves his enemy bound hand and foot. Yet, not satisfied with this, and himself not half exhausted, he collects all his sarcastick powers, and commences a new onset, the most ferocious of the muses waiting his pleasure and opening all their stores of ridicule, jest, and satire.

No wonder the chancellor is chafed, no wonder he frets in his seat ; his ministerial dignity suffers under the daily ridicule, while his self love is touched home, under the ever new contempt of Windham : for no man ever possessed a more insidious, vilifying talent at reproach, which can neither be warded off, nor retorted. It is not a single taunt, and then a respite ; it is not a passing sneer which is presently forgotten, but the ceaseless corrosion of the fabled vulture.

Yet Windham, though he possesses a fine imagination, a strong current of argument, and a various and extensive reach of mind, adorned with the best portions of classic literature ; add to these a fluency second only to Pitt's, yet the ultimate requisite to a great orator is wanting, I mean passion, of which Windham is wholly destitute. Not that he is deficient in violence ; but he discovers at once a cold heart, and a passionate head, so that you follow him indifferently, and must first hate the man whom he attacks, before you can feel with Windham.

However, Windham generally brings to the debate, something new, something dazzling, something original : and when he does not add any thing of his own, he

displays the question in its best possible position. Always perspicuous and elegant, his words seem to flow from the press already arranged, and exhibiting the fairest impression. In short, Windham is one of the most interesting speakers in the house, and if he could suppress the black bile, which continually flows from his mouth; if he could conceal his bitter inveteracy, he would add new weight to his character, would lose nothing of his senatorial dignity, and would be the delight of the House of Commons.

ART. 41.

A discourse on the errors of popery, delivered in the chapel of the university in Cambridge, May 8, 1805, at the anniversary lecture, founded by the Hon. Paul Dudley, Esq. By Thomas Thacher, A. M. minister of a church in Dedham. Cambridge. Hiliard. pp. 26.*

IN the memoirs of the church of Rome we are furnished with a history of the horrid effects of a spiritual despotism; and this

* The Hon. Paul Dudley, Esq. was the son of Governour Joseph Dudley, and the grandson of Thomas Dudley, one of the first settlers of Massachusetts, and was for many years governour of the province. He was a very learned man, and fellow of the Royal Society. He was appointed chief justice in 1718, and continued in the office till he died, in January 1750, in the 76th year of his age. At his death he founded an anniversary lecture at Harvard College to promote pious purposes, which always occupied his attention, and which his actions discovered to be nearest his heart. The subjects of this lecture are natural and revealed religion, the defence of the protestant interest, and the platform of the New England churches. £.100 sterling was appropriated in his will, the interest to be given annually to the preacher who should discourse upon one of the beforementioned topics.

beacon will probably serve, thro' all future ages, to excite alarm at the most distant attempt to establish a similar tyranny over the consciences of men. The authority of this church began in the third century, but its power was then restricted within narrow limits. In the fourth century the bishop of Rome, surpassing all his contemporaries in the extent of his wealth, the pomp of his equipage, the luxury of his table, and his influence on the multitude, his power became greatly extended. Corruption spread her baneful influence from the palace of the pontiff to the lowest order of the clergy; sacerdotal ambition and avarice were constantly receiving fresh excitements from new gratifications; and the authority of the emperours gradually dwindled. In the seventh century the *papal supremacy* began in Boniface III.; and in the eighth century the bishop of Rome was raised by Pepin of France to the rank of a temporal prince. Ignorance, the natural parent of credulity, was made the mother of devotion, and, by a succession of intrigues unparalleled in the history of the world, in the thirteenth century the Roman pontiff claimed universal empire, and in Europe and Asia disposed of crowns and sceptres with the most wanton ambition. In its turn this mighty despotism has fallen; and the sovereign pontiff is now humbly submissive to the nod of the sanguinary and blasphemous usurper of the throne of Louis. Only a few years have passed since a sermon was not preached in England, without a reference to some of the im-

fitions or cruelties of the church of Rome ; but the petty sovereign, like the expelled tyrant of Syracuse in his school at Corinth, now exercises his authority, without exciting either envy or fear.

From the dark legends of the papal church the author of the discourse before us has selected but one "error" for refutation ; "the power which it has claimed of working miracles." The text is appropriate to the design. *For false christs, and false prophets shall arise, and shall shew signs and wonders, to seduce, if it were possible, even the elect.** In pursuance of his object, Mr. T. offers, 1. Some general remarks on the nature and design of miracles. 2. Exhibits the marks of truth and authenticity in those, recorded in the sacred scriptures. 3. Contrasts those with the miracles, exhibited in the church of Rome, from whence is inferred decisive evidence of fraud in the latter. The plan is simple and judicious ; and the execution of it is highly honorary to the author.

We notice two typographical errors, which are so important that, as we have received an amended copy, we insert the corrections, for the satisfaction of those who may read the discourse.

1. The note on page 11th should be immediately followed by that on p. 14.

2. On p. 12, in the 7th line from the top, for "this system" read *christianity*.

So much has been written on the subject of miracles, and the miracles of the scriptures have been so fully confirmed, that in

our opinion no modest and serious inquirer can long be perplexed with doubts on the subject. In the short compass of a sermon we cannot expect that accumulation of evidence, which will outweigh the prejudices of a confirmed sceptick ; but we think that the author of this discourse has been successful in compressing proofs ; and if he does not convert an infidel, he may confirm a believer. As a specimen of his style we present our readers with the following extract.

The miracles of the church of Rome are in their nature not only contrary to the wisdom of God to permit, and the reason of man to believe ; but they are directly against the evidence of the senses. Other impostors and deluders are content with beguiling men by cunning flight of hand, or magical deception. But the church of Rome displays greater intrepidity. The doctrine of transubstantiation is made an article of their faith, and exhibits a standing miracle. In order to establish this absurd doctrine, they have prosecuted with fire and sword ; they have led to the stake men of the best erudition, and of spotless morality ; they have tortured their bodies with protracted pain, in order to oblige them to acknowledge, that they believed against sense and reason. They have inflated the minds of the commonalty with such ferocious zeal and malignity, that they have been upon such occasions more than the passive instrument of their atrocity. We do not wish to call up against this church a spirit of persecution. God forbid, that we should deny them that toleration, which ought to be extended to every description of men in society, who violate no civil or municipal law. We reprobate, in this age of light and knowledge, the imitation of the precedents they have given in darker ages. To speak however of their excesses, and of their disingenuous arts, is a duty more necessary, than we imagine. For, while they studiously hide their absurdity and cruelty, they address themselves to the thoughtless and the igno-

* Mark xiii. 22.

rant by a fascinating eloquence. They recommend a religion with all the brilliant decorations calculated to allure the senses; and, by offering an easy pardon to the sinner, they engage the heart at the expense of the understanding. We readily and cheerfully pay that tribute of respect, due to science, literature, and many amiable qualities of the heart, which we find among many individuals within the pale of their church. That such men, as Bacon the elder, father Paul of Venice, the archbishop of Cambray, Massillon, and others, more than can be enumerated, have immortalized themselves by the excellence of their genius, and their private virtues, is readily admitted. Still, however, had they closely adhered to the spirit of the principles and institutions of their church, they had been as gloomy bigots, as merciless persecutors, as Gardiner, Bonner, or queen Mary.

ART. 42.

A Sermon delivered at Dennis, January 2, 1805, at the ordination of Rev. Caleb Holmes to the pastoral office in that place. By James Kendall, A.M. pastor of the first church in Plymouth. Boston. Gilbert & Dean.

WITH a generous concern for the interest of the Redeemer's kingdom, becoming a minister of the everlasting gospel, the author of this discourse has described the qualifications of a christian teacher, and the reciprocal duties between him and the people of his charge.

The motto affixed to this discourse is taken from the 2d chapter of Philippians, 29. That simplicity of style, peculiar to the sacred writers, and that godly sincerity, which adorns the life of the amiable and benevolent author, are legible in this performance. We are happy to find that he has taken the "media via,"

the path, as we believe, of evangelical life, between the Scylla and Charybdis of theological zealots.

In speaking of the qualifications of a minister of the gospel, he has forcibly represented the necessity of human knowledge, of an acquaintance with the arts and sciences, with sacred, ecclesiastical, and profane history, and with the languages, in which the scriptures were originally written. At the same time he has not overlooked the indispensable qualification of a heart, sanctified by the Spirit of God to the obedience of the truth.

Observation fully proves, that ignorant, self-created, itinerant preachers, are a scourge to society, and a reproach to religion. Yet it is a popular opinion, that human learning is of little or no service to religious teachers. Hence that strange and sudden transition from the stable, the workshop, and the cornfield to the pulpit! Hence men, like the priests of Jeroboam, "from the lowest of the people," are daily usurping the priesthood, and introducing 'confusion and every evil work' into the churches of Christ.

This sentence is borrowed almost verbatim from a discourse of the late venerable Dr. Tappan on a similar occasion.

Timothy was charged to commit the gospel not merely to *faithful* men, but to such also as had *ability* to teach others; and cautioned expressly against a novice, lest being lifted up with pride he fall into condemnation.

At a time when pretenders to *special commissions* are starting up in every corner and rushing into the sacred office, not indeed

"by the door, but some other way," such advice is peculiarly seasonable, and, we hope, will prove effectual.

The other qualifications of a gospel minister, the consecration of the heart, a relish for divine truth, an amiable temper, and exemplary life, are faithful transcripts of those original characters, left on sacred record for our example.

The duties, which a people owe to their minister, are concisely and happily summed up, and forcibly inculcated. The addresses, usual on such occasions, are serious, pertinent, and impressive. In short, this discourse is a good specimen of the simplicity and perspicuity of apostolick preaching, and does honour to the heart of the man, and the ability and correct sentiments of the theologian.

To this discourse are added "the charge by the Rev. Mr. Shaw of Barnstable," and "the right hand of fellowship by Jotham Waterman, pastor of the east church of Christ in Barnstable."

In the charge we discover the peculiar sentiments of the author. We would beg leave to suggest to this zealous advocate of *human creeds*, whether he be not a little inconsistent in his exhortation *not* to preach "fanciful, self-created schemes, and novel invented plans," and at the same time "*to preach the doctrines of the reformation!*"

"Hast thou faith, have it to thyself;" and do not teach others to try the divine oracles by human creeds.

The right hand of fellowship
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resembles the draught of fishes, in which *were all sorts*. Quotations from scripture, quaint maxims, puns, and unintelligible sayings, are the principal materials of this strange composition. It is of a piece with some other productions, which this young divine has *generously given* to the publick.*

* See a thanksgiving (if we mistake not) discourse, published by *his own desire*.

ART. 43.

An address to the members of the Massachusetts Charitable Fire Society, at their annual meeting, in Boston, May 31, 1805. By Peter Thacher. Boston. Russell & Cutler. pp. 24.*

PERHAPS no nation can furnish so great a number of publick discourses during the same period, as are produced among us, commencing with fast-day sermons and ending with July orations. This season, which in our variable, capricious climate partakes of winter, summer, and spring, might be correctly designated as the *season of orations*. Many of these are annually delivered on the same subject; and the most ingenious writer would vainly endeavour to produce any novelty, without deserting entirely the particular object of his discourse. In none is the difficulty greater, than on the present occasion; for after the objects of the

* This Society was established in the year 1794. Its object, as expressed in the act of incorporation, is "for the purpose of relieving such, as may suffer by fire, and of stimulating genius to useful discoveries, tending to secure the lives and property of their fellow men from destruction by that element." An address on the principles of the institu-

institution have once become generally known, the speaker in imploring charity must either follow the path, beaten by thousands in all ages, and esteem himself fortunate if he can find a single flower by the way to embellish his discourse; or he must suffer his fancy to wander in pursuit of amusement for his audience. Mr. T. has chosen the latter course; and instead of the common display of the motives to charity, has indulged in some observations on the causes of the grandeur and decline of cities, applying all his remarks to our own metropolis.

The introduction of this address is rather abrupt, and we cannot agree with the author's opinion in the first sentence,

Though much of that spirit is now unknown and forgotten, which led ancient philosophers to survey man and nature through the diversities of climate and in the various stages of civilization, &c.

Certainly "that spirit" was never more widely diffused, than it has been during the age we live in; without adverting to the numerous national enterprizes, that have been executed in the eighteenth century, how many individuals have been urged by this spirit to explore realms unknown before, and boldly encountered every peril of deleterious climates, of savage beasts and still more savage men? What philosophick travellers of antiquity can be compared with Park, Vaillant, Mackenzie, Acerbi, Humbolt, Bompland, &c.?

tion is pronounced before the members on their anniversary, which is on the Friday following the general election.

Compared with similar productions Mr. Thacher's address is respectable, the sentiments are just, and we have perused it with pleasure. We subjoin the following paragraphs, as a fair specimen of the style, and because they contain some just reflections in opposition to the fashionable cant against cities.

The power of human art and industry, when their exertions are collected into one radiant point, their ability to controul nature, and to convert even the disadvantages of situation into sources of profit, are strikingly demonstrated in the rise of the cities of the United Provinces. Their country was originally a morass, and exposed to the inundations of the sea; their soil was barren, and their climate unpropitious either to health or comfort. Through the force of an unconquerable industry, they rose out of the ocean, and have in their turn wielded its trident. That rich spot is at this time covered with clouds and darkness: the cities of Holland are full of civil discord; their wealth and splendour are dissolving in the crucible of a political alchymist, who transmutes all things into the instruments of his ambition. But still we must exclaim, at a contemplation of their greatness, that this world was designed by Heaven for the inheritance of patience and labour.

With the growth of a city, may I not add likewise that the virtues multiply? It is the common language of poetry and enthusiasm to represent rural scenes and rural employments, as the only abodes of ancient simplicity, virtue, and happiness. It is true, that in cities refinement and a taste for pleasure increase with the acquisitions of wealth. But if you wish for exhibitions of industry, enterprise, and the arts which embellish society; for urbanity, courtesy, and beneficence; for the concentrated exertions of genius, science, and taste; they will be found in greatest perfection in those places, where men are collected into great communities, and where the qualities

of their minds, by a species of moral collision, are kept in constant readiness for action.

ART. 44.

An Introduction to the making of Latin, adapted to the rules of Adam's syntax. By William Biglow. Printed at Salem. 1801.

THE reputation of Mr. Biglow is well established as an excellent instructor, and certainly will not be diminished by this useful publication.

ART. 45.

The New Latin Primer, by the same author. Printed at Boston. 1801.

A WORK equally as useful as the former, and executed with the same ability.

ART. 46.

The Elements of Latin Grammar, abridged from Adam, by the same author. Printed at Boston. 1801.

THIS publication is exactly what it claims to be, and no more. We hope, in the next edition Mr. Biglow will supply some defects, and admit some improvements. The adjectives, which make *ius* in the genitive and *i* in the dative, as *alter*, *unus*, and *totus*, are not specified; and among the irregular comparisons the superlatives, *summus*, *supremus*, and *imus*, are not mentioned. Among the verbs, it should have been pointed out, that the present tense subjunctive is used frequently for the imperative, particularly by the poets. We would also recommend to Mr. Biglow, in his next edition, the insertion of some idiomatick peculiarities; and let them be em-

bodied with the rules, not obscurely italicized in a note. For instance, *vereor ut*, I fear that he will not; *vereor ne*, I fear that he will. Again. The conjunctions *autem*, *enim*, and *vero*, always stand the second word in a sentence, *et enim* the first or second. Mr. Biglow would render an essential service to literature and the publick, if he would turn his attention to the improvement of the Gloucester Greek Grammar, the syntax of which is singularly defective. The rules in Huntinford's Greek Exercises and the grammar prefixed to Parkhurst's Greek Lexicon will supply him with copious materials, not to mention the Port Royal grammar, and the excellent abridgment of the same work by its learned author.

ART. 47.

British Influence on the affairs of the United States, proved and explained. Boston. Young & Minns, printers to the state. 1804. pp. 21. Price 9d.

THIS is a very important pamphlet, worthy of serious consideration from every citizen of the United States. It appears to have been written by a gentleman perfectly well acquainted with the most secret history of the American cabinet, and lays open, to the very bottom, the mystery and iniquity of the envenomed opposition to the federal constitution and the Washington and Adams administration. The writer probes to their core the fatal wounds which the republick has received, and which have produced a most loathsome rottenness in the state of Denmark.

ART. 48.

A defence of the measures of the administration of Thomas Jefferson, by Curtius, taken from the National Intelligencer. Washington. S. H. Smith. 1804. pp. 136. Price 50 cents.

DR. Johnson, in summing up the virtues of his friend, thus details his hatreds. He hated a fool, and he hated a knave, and he hated a wig; oh, Sir, he was an excellent hater. Curtius, in humble imitation of Dr. Johnson's friend, hates the federal constitution, hates General Washington, hates Mr. Adams, and hates every measure of the federal administration. Curtius unites another talent, which Dr. Johnson's friend did not possess; the most rare and admirable art of puffing. Whenever he speaks of the gentlemen now in power, all his hatred is metamorphosed into love, all his

acrimony into the servility of adulation. He puffs Mr. Jefferson, he puffs the heads of department, he puffs all the measures of the present administration; oh, Sir, he is an excellent puffer.

ART. 49.

The path to happiness illustrated and explained, being a concise view of the genuine tendency of christian principles. Boston. E. Lincoln. 1802. 16mo. pp. 105.

A WORK intended for distribution; any criticism therefore on its style is of course unnecessary. We must see christianity with the "opticks rare" of Genevan metaphysicks, to become converts to all the opinions advanced; but if its influence will be in any degree to reclaim the vicious, or establish the wavering and the weak, we give it our cordial good wishes.

CORRESPONDENCE.

MESSRS. EDITORS,

I WAS much interested in reading the correspondence annexed to the Boston Review in your last number. But I was not a little surprised, that in the reply of the Reviewers to Dr. Morse, they omitted to expose an egregious blunder in the statement of that gentleman. He asserts (Month. Anthol. Vol. ii. no. 4. p. 209) that "in an unsuccessful inquiry after Dr. Wigglesworth's MS. he found his [Dr. W.'s] Dudleian Lecture on Natural Religion, preached May 14, 1760, within five years of his death." With an air of satisfaction Dr. M. then proceeds to extract four paragraphs (pp. 209, 210) from this truly calvinistick sermon, and thence triumphantly concludes, that the first Dr. W. "lived and died a calvinist."

Now mark the fact. THE FIRST DR. WIGGLESWORTH DID NOT PREACH THE SERMON FROM WHICH THESE EXTRACTS WERE MADE. He never preached the Dudleian Lecture but once, and then in the year 1757, on the errors of popery. So that these extracts have not the weight of a straw in balancing the merits of the dispute, and Dr. M. might as well have quoted for his purpose a discourse of Archbishop Laud, or Dr. Emmons' convention sermon, as the Dudleian Lecture of 1760.

SALVIAN.

May 20, 1805.

 MONTHLY CATALOGUE

 OF NEW PUBLICATIONS IN THE UNITED STATES,
 FOR JUNE, 1805.

 SUNT BONA, SUNT QUÆDAM MEDIOCRIA, SUNT MALA PLURA.—MART.

NEW WORKS.

An abstract of an apology for renouncing the jurisdiction of the synod of Kentucky, being a compendious view of the gospel and a few remarks on the confession of faith, by Robert Marshall, John Dunlary, Richard M. N. Barton, W. Stone, and John Thomson. 1805. Price 25 cents.

Report of the trial of the Hon. Samuel Chase, one of the associate justices of the supreme court of the United States, before the high court of impeachment, composed of the senate of the United States, for charges exhibited against him by the house of representatives in the name of themselves and of all the people of the United States for high crimes and misdemeanours supposed to have been by him committed, with the necessary documents and official papers from his impeachment to final acquittal, taken in short hand by Charles Evans, and the arguments of counsel, revised from his manuscript. Baltimore, printed for Samuel Butler & George Keatinge, 1805. Price 2,50. pp. 336.

The Monthly Register and Review of the United States, for January, 1805, by S. Cullen Carpenter. Charleston, S. Carolina. 6 dollars per annum.

The power of solitude: a Poem: in two parts, by Joseph Story. A new and improved edition: with an elegant engraved Frontispiece. To which are added the following fugitive poems:—Monody. Monody to the Memory of Edward Edes, esq. Monody on the death of Miss E. Richardson. Monody on the death of Miss H. Hodges. Monody on the death of Isaac Story, esq. Monody to the memory of Col. Watson. Ellen's Adieu. On Death. Expostulation and Reply. To a friend on her Birth Day. Adaline, in imitation of Lewis's "Alonzo and Imogene." The Druid Rites. Lover's Whims. Lines written on an Hermitage. The Disconsolate. Ode written for the Female

Charitable Society at Salem, and sung on their Anniversary. July 11, 1804. A Character. Apostrophe. Sonnet to Evening. William and Mary, a Legendary Tale, in imitation of the old English Ballad. Ode, written for the Boston Female Asylum, and sung at the Anniversary, September, 1804. Price 1,25 in plain handsome bindings—1,50 in calf. Salem. B. B. Macanulty.

The Lord's songs: a collection of composures in metre, such as have been most used in the late glorious revivals, Dr. Watts's psalms and hymns excepted; by Joshua Spalding, A. M. minister of the Branch church in Salem. Price 50 cents. Salem.

An address to the members of the Massachusetts Charitable Fire Society, at their annual meeting in Boston, May 31, 1805, by Peter Thacher. Boston. Russell & Cutler. Pages 24.

Glad tidings. Or an account of the state of religion, within the bounds of the general assembly of the presbyterian church in the United States of America, and in other parts of the world, taken from the reports of their members and their committee of missions; published by the said committee with the approbation of the general assembly for the information of the people under their care. Go ye into all the world and preach the gospel to every creature, Mark xvi. 15. Lo! I am with you always even unto the end of the world, Mat. xxviii. 20. Philadelphia. Aiken, 1804. 8vo. pp. 48.

The character, trials, and duties of a gospel minister, delineated in a sermon delivered at Amherst, May 2, 1804, at the ordination of Rev. Thomas H. Wood, A. M. to the work of an evangelist. In compliance with the request of the committee of the trustees of the missionary society. By John Emerson, A. M. pastor of the congregational church in Conway. Northampton, Butler, 1804. 8vo. pp. 20.

Errours of popery, a sermon delivered at the anniversary Dudleian Lecture, in the University at Cambridge, May 8, 1805, by Thomas Thacher, A.M. minister of a church in Dedham.

A missionary sermon preached before the general assembly of the Presbyterian church in Philadelphia, May 23, 1805, by Edward D. Griffin, A.M. one of the pastors of the first Presbyterian church in Newark, New-Jersey. Philadelphia. Jane Aiken.

Three sermons preached at Northampton; one on the 30th of March, the other two on the annual state fast, April 4, 1805, by Rev. Solomon Williams, A.M. Northampton, Massachusetts. W. Butler. Price 20 cents.

A sermon preached in the audience of his excellency Caleb Strong, esq. governor, the other members of the executive, and the honourable legislature of the commonwealth of Massachusetts, on the anniversary election, May 29, 1805, by John Allyn, congregational minister of Duxbury. Boston. For Young & Minns. Pages 37.

A discourse delivered in Haverhill, March 22, 1805, at the funeral of Jabez Kimball, A.M. attorney at law. To which is added, a short memoir of his life. By John Snelling Popkin, A.M. minister of the first church and congregation in Newbury. Newburyport.

The importance of virtue and piety as qualifications of rulers: a discourse delivered March 31, 1805, by Daniel Dana, A.M. pastor of a Presbyterian church in Newburyport. Published by request. Newburyport. E. M. Blunt. 8vo. Pages 27.

NEW EDITIONS.

The Sabbath, a poem, with notes, by James Graham, of Edinburgh. In one 12mo volume—price 1,25 neatly bound in calf. New York, Ronalds & Loudon.

The Town Officer, sixth edition, much improved and enlarged, by S. Freeman, esq. Boston. Thomas & Andrews. Price 1,12½ cts. 12mo.

Letters from the earl of Chatham to his nephew Thomas Pitt, esq. afterward lord Camelford. Cambridge, Hilliard.

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Contents.

Essay I. The constitution and nature of man. Observations on instinct, appetite, natural affections, passions, reason, conscience, and the religious principle.

II. The nature and origin of moral law, and obligation, of virtue, and vice. Moral law the same as the dictates of the moral principle; moral obligation founded on the moral sense of Man, agreeable to the fitness of things, and to the will of God.—Virtue consists in a conformity to the moral law of our nature: Its necessity and effects. Not necessarily produced, but favoured by the human constitution.—Vice or sin consists in a deviation from moral law; derived from the appetites, affections, and passions, which are implanted in our constitution; consistent with the wisdom, and benevolence of the Deity in the formation of man: Produces a corruption of nature, the rebukes and condemnation of conscience, a sense and dread of deserved punishment, and the loss of hope and confidence in the divine favour and protection.

III. Civil and moral institutions adapted to the constitution and state, and designed for the benefit and improvement of man. Society—government—civil laws—law of nature and religion—revelation.

IV. The nature, design, and tendency of the christian religion. Adapted and designed to afford the highest improvement to the intellectual powers of man—to his moral faculty—the surest relief to his most distressing fears—provides the best assistance, the strongest ground and evidence of his immortal hopes—and the most powerful motives to virtue. The nature, immutability, antiquity, and importance of this religion.

V. The power, authority, and evidence, by which the christian religion was introduced. The nature, origin, and evidence of miracles. A critical and philosophical examination, whether Jesus Christ did in fact perform any such works. Miracles shown to be the most fit, proper, intelligible, conclusive, convincing, and permanent proof of a divine mission, authority, and power.

VI. Morality, natural religion, and christianity derived from the same author, and appertain to the same moral system. Similar and analogous in their origin—foundation—universality—durability—operations, and effects—and final termination and issue.

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the regular, durable, and destructible works of God; subject to established laws, and as evidently marked with design, order, regularity, and harmony, as the system displayed in the material world.

The wonders of creation, natural and artificial; being an account of the most remarkable mountains, rivers, lakes, caves, cataracts, mineral springs, and antiquities in the world. Compiled from geographers, historians, and travellers of the greatest celebrity, by D. R. Preston, author of the *Juvenile Instructor*, &c. Two large volumes 12mo—price one dollar. Boston.

The plan of this work is as follows: The first volume will be devoted to America, as being most interesting to Americans. Under North America, will be found its principal mountains, rivers, lakes, caves, cataracts, mineral springs, Indian mounds, antiquities, &c. Under South America, the same articles—also its mines, and some particulars of ancient Mexico, Peru, &c. Europe, Asia, and Africa, being least

interesting to us, will together form another volume.

Here the reader may expatiate on things worthy of admiration, and view as they arise those wonders which owe their existence to the immediate hand of God or the effect of human invention. He must not be discouraged by the length of the journey, for he will find such a variety of entertaining objects by the way, as will make him forget the pains he may take in climbing the rugged Alps, or traversing the deserts of Africa. Besides if he makes proper reflections on the surprising works of Providence, as well as those the art of man has produced, he will not only have the pleasure of gratifying his curiosity, but probably enlarge his stock both of piety and knowledge. As the outlines of this work have received the approbation of several distinguished *literati* of our country, the author submits it with more confidence to the publick.

INTELLIGENCE.

A copy of an English edition of the *Analytical Institutes* of the very learned Italian lady Donna Agnesi, late professor of mathematicks and philosophy in the university of Bologna, has been received by G. Baron of N. York, one of the editors of the *Mathematical Correspondent*. This work, well known and justly valued on the continent of Europe, was published at Milan in the year 1748, when the celebrated author was about 28 years of age. The learned and ingenious John Colson, M. A. F. R. S. who was well acquainted with what had appeared on the same subject in the works of those ingenious men, Emerson, Maclaurin, and Simpson, found the *Analytical Institutions* of Agnesi to be so excellent, that he was at the pains of learning the Italian language at an advanced age, for the sole purpose of translating that work into English, for the benefit of the British youth. This great design he lived to accomplish, and had actually transcribed a fair copy for the press, when death put an end to his labours, Mr. Colson's MS. remained many years in obscurity, and might probably have been consigned to eternal oblivion, had

it not been for the active spirit of baron Maseres, the great encourager of mathematical learning in England,

Vir in rem mathematicam promovendam natus.

This noble patron of science and generous rewarder of mathematical merit, resolved to bear the whole expense of the handsome English edition of the *Institutes*, and to render the work as correct as possible employed the Rev. J. Hellings, a man eminent for mathematical knowledge, in printing the same. The work contains 623 large 4to. pages, bound in two volumes. The first volume treats of algebra, and contains a vast number of ingenious geometrical constructs designed to exhibit and illustrate the nature and resolution of algebraick equations; the second includes the doctrines of fluxions, applied to a great variety of useful and sublime subjects.

The long disputed manuscripts of the *Poems of Ossian*, in the original Celtick, are now in the British press under the auspices of the Highland Society, to be accompanied by a latin translation by the late Mr. Macfarlane. The whole,

says the London monthly magazine, will form two large octavo volumes.

By private letters from Paris we learn, that his majesty the Emperour Napoleon has presented to Mr. Livingston, late minister from the United States to the French Court, on behalf of the Academy of Arts established in New York, of which his majesty is an honorary member, a very valuable collection, estimated at 50,000 livres, (10,000 dollars.) It must be matter of pride to the inhabitants of this city to have given birth to an institution, which has shewn itself worthy of such distinguished patronage; and it is hoped, that this high testimonial of respect will inspire them with fresh zeal for the advancement of an establishment, which has attracted such conspicuous attention abroad, and which, if properly supported, cannot fail to add lustre to our national character.—*Morn. Chron.*

Noli me tangere.—The publication of a biographical work, containing the genealogical and revolutionary history of new princes of the imperial court of Bonaparte, having been lately announced in the *Mercantile Advertiser*, an aid-de-camp of general Thureau, French minister plenipotentiary in the U. States came in a post-chaise to town for the express purpose of preventing the said publication. The minister, foreseeing that this work would occasion many polemick discussions, and of course highly displease the new imperial court, thought it advisable to stop the publication by buying the manuscript.

The bargain was accordingly made, and Mr. Daudet the author of said work, who lodges at Mrs. Bocquet and Freffinet's boarding house, in Greenwich-street, gave up his manuscript to the said aid-de-camp, for the consideration of 1000 dollars and a free passage to Martinico, where he is bound.

We are informed, that the gentleman who was to translate the said work, hearing of the transaction, offered 1500 dollars, but that Mr. Daudet, who had passed his word, declined the offer.

The publick curiosity would no doubt have been highly gratified by the publication of the said work, as it would

have provoked criticisms and replies, by which these upstart princes would have appeared in their true light. The article concerning Talleyrand Perigordé would have furnished matter for many critical observations.—*N.Y. Daily Adv.*

Messrs. Cushing & Appleton, of Salem, have just issued a new edition of C. Crispi Sallustii, Belli Catilinarii et Jugurthini Historiæ, &c. "The text," say the publishers, "has been carefully revised, and collated with three of the best editions of this author, and unwearied pains taken in correcting the press. The notes are chiefly selected from those of the edition *In usum Delphini*. The redundancies of that commentary are expunged, and many additional annotations inserted from commentators and philologists of the first authority. To give a greater value to this edition with the more advanced scholar, the *various readings* of the most importance are occasionally pointed out in the notes. By a late regulation of Harvard University a knowledge of Sallust has been made pre-requisite to admission into that seminary, and the present edition was originally undertaken at the request and with the approbation of the governors of that institution, and has been superintended by a gentleman, lately a member of that body. The Elzevir editions of the *Classicks* have been made the model, as to the arrangement of the page and size of the character; and the impression is from a new and handsome type."

From a Paris paper of March 29.

Arts and Sciences.—There appeared a few days since upon the sun, a large spot, with *nuclei*, which I observed in 9°. north of the solar equator. It differs little from the beautiful spots which I made use of to determine the sun's rotation, in the *Memoirs of the Academy of 1776*, and seems to confirm the discovery I made at that time, by showing that there are some places in preference to others where the large spots are formed. Perhaps they are mountains, which collect and retain the *scoria* of this immense furnace. The parallel that is 9°. south of the solar equator abounds most in the great spots. These spots with two *nuclei*, which have ap-

peared at different periods, seem to me to set aside the system of volcanoes suggested by Mr. Herschel; there cannot be two volcanoes so near to each other,

and yet remain without intermixture, and always separated by a slender thread of light.
DE LALANDE.

Our solicitude to correct an error in our preliminary observations to the Epithalamium of Trumbull in our last number, and which is explained in the note on page 329, is our motive for introducing the following

LIFE OF TRUMBULL.

From the London Monthly Magazine, for August, 1798.

AMONG those who have successfully contributed to inspire the American people with the love of literature and liberty, who directed their minds to sound views of the nature of government, and refined their taste by the twofold means of criticism and poetry, the author of "*McFingal*" deserves to be considered as one of the first. Indeed, before his time, however they might have been cultivated in the middle and southern portions of North America, letters were in a very crude and debased condition in New England. Efforts, it is true, had been made to lead the general mind towards their more assiduous culture; but the slightest comparison of the writings of Mr. Trumbull, with those of his immediate predecessors, will surprize the critick with a dissimilitude, which in any European country could scarcely have been expected to have happened in less than a century.

John Trumbull was born in the town of Waterbury, in Connecticut, in the year 1749 or 1750. His father, a wealthy and respectable clergyman of the place, early instructed him in the usual elements of education; and, flattered by his docile and active genius,

led him from English to Latin and Greek. Nor were his cares unrewarded; for such was the uncommon vigour of the intellect of his son, and so assiduously did he apply himself, that at the age of seven, after a full examination, he was declared sufficiently advanced in his academick studies to deserve admission into Yale college. His tender years disinclining his parents to place him there so young, he was withdrawn, and did not join that institution till he was thirteen, or had entered his thirteenth year. His collegiate life was one continued scene of success. The superiority of his genius, attainments, and industry, elevated him, on every trial, over all his competitors; and such of his collegiate exercises as have been made publick, evidence a spirit and correctness of thought and expression rarely discernible in more advanced years, and after greater opportunities of instruction. Mr. Trumbull graduated in 1767. In what manner the interval between this period and 1771 was spent, the writer of this article is not particularly informed. He has an indistinct recollection, however, that Mr. Trumbull was engaged in the business of instruction, in some part of Connecticut. In 1771, he

accepted a tutorship in Yale college ; and, as has been before remarked in the account of Dr. Dwight, was concerned in various periodical publications with that gentleman ; all of which contributed to his reputation. Some of these performances were satirical ; and their surprising success induced the author to turn his attention more particularly to a species of writing for which, till then, he had himself modestly questioned his qualifications. But, whatever might have been his own conceptions as to the peculiar bent of his talents, his companions were too often forced to smart under the lash of his satire to entertain any doubts of his success. Nor does he appear to have been long held in doubt himself ; for, in 1772, he published his poem, intituled, "*The Progress of Dullness*," in three parts, separately printed. This poem had an amazing sale ; and, notwithstanding several editions, and one as late as 1794, is now seldom to be met with either in the shops or in libraries. To judge properly of the merit of this performance, the reader should be accurately and even minutely acquainted with the peculiar manners of the New England people, and particularly with their manners at that timefor twenty years have made many changes....and as few foreigners can acquire this knowledge, the perusal of the "*Progress of Dullness*" cannot be expected to interest the European reader in any remarkable degree.

Mr. Trumbull resigned his tutorship in 1773, and repaired to Boston. His original design was

to devote himself to literature ; but his father, judging, perhaps, more prudently for his son, obliged him to make choice of a profession ; and Mr. Trumbull having determined in favour of the bar, he was placed under the direction of Mr. Adams, then a distinguished advocate and counsellor in Boston, now president of the United States. But though he was now condemned to a pursuit little congenial to one whose inclinations continually tempted his feet to stray into the pleasant paths of poetry, Mr. Trumbull did not forget the Muses ; and an occasion soon presented itself worthy of his pen. How he acquitted himself may be seen in his "*Elegy on the Times*," first published at Boston, in 1774. On his admission to the bar, Mr. Trumbull returned to Connecticut ; and after no long time settled at Hartford, where he has ever since continued. Here he soon became one of the ablest and most popular advocates ; and till within a few years, (when his health had been so much impaired as to oblige him to decline the exercise of his profession) he was considered as the ablest counsellor in the county, and among the ablest in the state. His domestic habits, which seldom permitted him to mingle much in society at large ; and, perhaps, the fear of his satirick talents prevented that eager interest in his behalf, among a large body of men, which would have carried him forward into publick life ; and it is owing, perhaps, to these sedentary habits, and to this seclusion, that he has become the victim of hypochondriack and nervous affections, which now impair

his usefulness and poison his felicity*.

Mr. Trumbull has been the sole or part author of numerous periodical publications, on literary, moral, and political subjects, all of which have commanded great respect. Of those, in which he was concerned with others, none has attracted more applause than a series of papers, somewhat on the plan of "*The Rolliad*," and executed with equal wit, intitled, "*American Antiquities*," and extracts from "*The Aarchiad*," originally published in the New-Haven Gazette for 1786 and 1787. These papers have never been collected; but they were republished, from one end of the continent of America to

* We are happy to inform our readers that this is no longer true of our American poet; and a suggestion of this unpleasant nature, which was inadvertently admitted in the last No. of the Anthology, we take the present opportunity to correct by informing them, that Mr. Trumbull now fills with much reputation a place on the Judges' bench of his native state.

the other, in the newspapers of the day. They were the joint work of Mr. Trumbull, Mr. Barlow, Col. Humphreys, and Dr. Hopkins.

But the work which has most contributed to establish the reputation of this poet, is the poem of "*M'Fingal*;" a poem which has been favourably received in Europe, and which was read with rapture in America.

Mr. Trumbull has published—

1. *M'Fingal*, a modern epick poem, in four cantos, printed in 1784—last American edition in 1796.

2. *The Progress of Dullness*, first printed in 1772—last edition in 1974.

3. *Elegy on the Times*, 1774—collected with his smaller serious poems, in *American Poems*, vol. i. published at Litchfield, Connecticut, 1793.

It is said that Mr. Trumbull is preparing a complete edition of his works, illustrated with notes, and comprising many unpublished essays and poems.

BIOGRAPHICAL ANECDOTES

OF WILLIAM HENRY WEST BETTY, COMMONLY CALLED THE YOUNG ROSCIUS.

Nihil illo puero clarius, nihil nobilius fore.

CICERO.

(Continued from p. 277.)

'As the young gentleman's talents and importance were now become manifest, Mr. Betty very prudently resolved to contribute every means in his power to bring forward and mature so rare a genius. With this view he solicited Mr. Hough to attend his son in his excursion to Dublin, as well as in all his future engagements; both for the purpose of continuing his instructions, and for taking the superintendence of his theatrical interests and conduct. Mr. Hough having conceived a strong attachment to the boy, as well as a sanguine

hope of his future eminence, accepted the proposal, and immediately resigned his situation in the Belfast theatre. From that time to the present he has directed his whole time and attention to his celebrated pupil, and their strong attachment to each other is a proof that the appointment was mutually agreeable. On the nature of Mr. Hough's abilities, as an instructor, the publick are enabled to decide: he is certainly entitled to great credit for the care and judgment with which he has fulfilled his trust.

'His first appearance at Dublin was

on Monday, the 28th of November, 1803, in his favourite part of young Norval. He was announced as the young gentleman who had acquired the appellation of the Infant Roscius, being only twelve years old. The house was crowded with company of the first rank; and such was his reception in the character, that the play was repeated on his second night of performing with increased attraction. The third night he played Frederic, in the *Comedy of Lovers' Vows*, in which he was, if possible, still more successful than before. His representation of that character is, indeed, generally admitted to be one of the most perfect performances of the modern stage. He played the whole nine nights of his engagement to the most brilliant audiences, and and with a great increase of reputation to himself, and of profit to the managers.

While he remained at Dublin Mr. Jones was so sensible of his eminent talents and of his importance, as an acquisition to the theatre, that he became very solicitous to secure to himself so valuable a treasure. He offered accordingly to engage him by articles for a term of years, at a liberal and increasing salary; but Mr. Betty very judiciously thought proper to decline the proposal.

The engagement with Mr. Jones being completed, his friends were induced to accept an offer of playing six nights at Cork, from Mr. Peros, the manager of a respectable company of comedians in the south of Ireland. He opened with *Hamlet*, on the 31st of December, and afterwards played *Romeo*, *Douglas*, and some other characters. The house was so full every night, that numbers of the inhabitants of Cork and its neighbourhood could not possibly get an opportunity of seeing his performance. An agreement was therefore made with Mr. Peros, to extend the engagement for three nights longer. That his power of attraction was beyond any thing ever witnessed in that city, will appear from the following circumstance. Besides Mr. Peros' theatre in Cork which was formerly occupied by Mr. Philip Astley, and adapted from his performances, there in another belonging to the Dublin manager. In

this the Dublin company play regularly several months in the year, and it is of course accounted the principal theatre. The nightly receipts at this house frequently do not exceed ten pounds; yet it is an assured fact that Mr. Peros, during the performance of the young Roscius, received upwards of one hundred pounds every night.

By this time the fame of his extraordinary success had reached as far as Scotland, and he now received a proposal from Mr. Jackson, the Edinburgh manager, to play a few nights in that city. The offer was accepted; but as Mr. Jackson's season was then far advanced, it was agreed that he should first perform at Glasgow the ensuing spring, and afterwards fulfil his engagement at Edinburgh. This interval enabled him, after completing his nine nights at Cork, to accompany Mr. Peros' company to Waterford; where he performed four nights, with as much encouragement from the inhabitants, and as much advantage to himself, as could reasonably be desired.

His friends now thought it advisable to begin their journey to the north, as the spring was approaching, and it was desirable to be in a convenient situation for the passage to Scotland. This long journey, almost from one extremity of Ireland to the other, in the depth of winter, was of course extremely tedious and fatiguing. However, it was happily completed without any accident, and he once more joined his old friend Mr. Atkins, at Londonderry, where it had been agreed that he should play six nights, as the Glasgow theatre was not to open for some time. Having completed this engagement with the same good fortune which had hitherto attended him, they set forward for the place of embarkation to Port Patrick. Most unfortunately, in their way to the coast, Mrs. Betty was seized with a very severe and dangerous illness, which obliged them to stop at an obscure village on the road. Here they were detained for more than five weeks, under the most disagreeable circumstances; the weather being very inclement, and scarcely any medical assistance to be procured. At the end of that time she recovered sufficient strength to go forward, and at length, after many dif-

scilities, and a most stormy passage across the Channel, they arrived in safety at Glasgow.

'The scene was now entirely changed. They had entered into a new kingdom, where the habits and manners of the people differed considerably from those of the country they had left, and it was not known but that their taste for dramatick excellence might be equally different. Our hero's friends, who knew well the force of national passion and prejudices, were not entirely without apprehensions for the consequences of this change. Mr. Jackson, they knew, had been blamed, as well as ridiculed, for bringing him over; and the reports from Ireland, respecting his admirable acting, had been treated in this neighbourhood as chimerical and extravagant.—His supposed excellencies had been attributed to that national partiality, to that ardent imagination, and that propensity to exaggeration, for which the Irish have long been celebrated. Mr. Jackson, however, who knew that the genuine feelings of human nature are universally the same, encouraged them to hope, and assured them that all would be well.

'The first appearance of the young Roscius in Great Britain, was accordingly fixed for Wednesday the 21st of May, 1804, in the character of Douglas, the part with which he usually opens. His reception was equal to the manager's most sanguine expectations, and proved that the language of nature and passion are every where alike understood, and equally relished. Mr. Jackson, in writing on this subject, declares "that he received the greatest bursts of applause that he had ever witnessed to have been given by any audience." He played the whole fourteen nights of his engagement to overflowing houses, and received the same approbation in every character he attempted.

'From Glasgow, Mr. Jackson conducted the young Roscius to Edinburgh, where he performed the same number nights with such a similarity of success, that to describe it would be merely a tiresome repetition of the same modes of expression.

'While he remained in Scotland, offers of engagements from the principal theatrical managers in this country

poured in upon him from all quarters. He had already passed through two parts of the empire with an uninterrupted career of success, and the third now only remained for his scene of action. Till his performance at Edinburgh, he had been very little heard of in England, but his fame was now extending itself rapidly in every direction; and the continual rumours of his extraordinary talents began to excite attention even in London. Mr. M'Cready, the manager of the Birmingham theatre, was the first who brought him before the English publick. He was the earliest in his application for this enviable and profitable distinction, and every one will be pleased to hear that his spirit and exertion have been most liberally requited. The young Roscius played at Birmingham fourteen nights; and the theatrical annals of that town furnish nothing equal to the astonishing commotion which his performances excited. The publick inns were completely occupied with persons who came to see him from every part of the surrounding country; and even the stage coaches, from places at a distance, were filled with passengers on the same errand. The case was exactly the same at Sheffield, where he afterwards performed fourteen nights under the same manager. The town was so crowded with company that it was with great difficulty a bed could be procured either in publick or private houses.

'After leaving Sheffield, he arrived about the beginning of October at Liverpool. All his former successes at other places, however brilliant and unprecedented, were here completely eclipsed. The inhabitants of this town are particularly attached to dramatic amusements, and the ordinary receipts of the theatre greatly exceed those of any other in the kingdom, London, and perhaps Dublin, only excepted. This is apparent from the rent paid by the managers, Messrs. Lewis and Knight, to the proprietors, which is fifteen hundred pounds per annum. The house is also considerably more spacious than any other in the empire, except those before mentioned; yet the difficulty of admittance was such, during the performance of the young Roscius, that a few minutes after the door was opened,

not a place was to be obtained in any part of the house. When the box-office opened in the morning, the pressure to procure places was so excessive, that many gentlemen had their clothes torn in pieces, their hats and shoes carried away in the crowd, and themselves, sometimes, severely bruised, and almost suffocated in the attempt. There is reason to believe that if the theatre had been twice as large it would have been equally thronged. The terms of his engagement were so liberal that he received from the managers, for his share of the profits of fifteen nights, the enormous sum of fifteen hundred and twenty pounds, as appears from Mr. Betty's receipt in Mr. Knight's possession. Perhaps it would be difficult to find an example of so large a sum having ever before been paid to any individual for personal exertion alone, in the same space of time.

From Liverpool he went to Chester, where he played seven nights; and his performances, as usual were attended by all the gentry of the neighbourhood for a circuit of many miles. He left

that city on the 9th of November, in order to perform a few nights at Manchester, which was his last engagement in the country, previous to his appearance on the boards of the metropolis.

It is a little remarkable, that, though on the stage his deportment and address are so completely those of a man, yet in private life he is more than commonly childish: all his amusements and sports are infantine, even beyond his years. But though among his equals in age he is sportive and boyish, his usual manner is serious and pensive: sometimes he appears restrained and timid; at others, he seems indifferent to every thing around him. But his fondness for play, and for every thing else, instantly give way when his favourite pursuit is in the question. His attachment to his art is paramount to every other passion; and his character is another illustration of the remark, that nature seldom inspires a strong ambition for any object without furnishing, at the same time, the abilities to obtain it.

NOTES.

NOT a few of our readers will rejoice when they are informed that the Medical communication of this month closes the long protracted controversy. In the Anthology for March we informed the writers that after the publication of the pieces then on file, the last of which we have now published; the dispute must cease, and from the little interest it has excited, we feel no disposition to recede from our determination. Medicus will therefore pardon our unwillingness to admit his reply.—The conductors of such a miscellany are compelled to remember the question of the friend of Persius, "Quis leget hæc?"

We are sorry that our friend the Botanist is silent. Is this season, so full of the bloom of nature, unpropitious

to the unfolding of the *petals* of elocution?

The communication of G is received, which, together with the Family Physician, No. 1, shall have our early attention.

The Literary Wanderer has hitherto found admirers; and he will therefore allow us to neglect No. 5, as his correspondents do not write so well as himself.

We should have acknowledged the receipt of the letter of Constance in our last number. It shall have a place in our next.

In our next number, we shall commence the publication of *Sacotalá*, or the Fatal Ring; an Indian Drama, from the Sanscrit of *Cáladáfá*, whom Sir W. Jones calls the Indian Shakespeare.—

The conductors of such a miscellany as ours cannot assume the proud and manly language of Bynkershoek, "I have leisure to write, but no leisure to copy." Indeed we take some merit for the judgment with which we copy in this instance.

We may venture also to promise in our next number, a review of the life of Sir W. Jones. We have also in preparation, reviews of the life of Washington, and of the transactions of the Academy of Arts and Sciences; all from sources to which we shall be proud to owe an obligation.

We offer our thanks to our friends for the recent very rapid augmentation of our patronage. Though it is now amply adequate to the support of the publication, yet we desire an increase of it in order to enable us to extend our correspondence, and present our readers with the contents of foreign literary journals, particularly those of the continent. We are therefore induced to republish the following

CIRCULAR LETTER.

Boston, May 1, 1805.

SIR,

It has been frequently said, that in the ancient town of Boston, the pride of New-England, abounding in wealth, and crowded with the eloquent, the learned, and the gay, there ought to be a repository for correct notices of all American publications; for just criticism; for the lucubrations of men of learning and taste; for the sallies of youthful genius aspiring to fame; and for whatever is propitious to the arts of peace, health, long life, and happiness.

That the *Monthly Anthology and Boston Review* has been judiciously devoted to these objects, we infer from the approbation it has received from many of our wisest and best citizens. Certain it is, whatever we may deserve, we covet the smiles of the friends of good government, and of sound principles in litera-

ture and religion. On these grand subjects of human concern our opinions have been deliberately formed, and freely expressed. It is now an entire year since the work has engaged our attention, and since we have sought to enlist in its service the most useful and the most brilliant talents.

In regard to communications for supporting the publication we have nothing to fear. Our prospects are now brighter than ever. But in a pecuniary view, justice to ourselves obliges us to declare, that we need a more liberal patronage than we have hitherto enjoyed. It is, in fact, now to be determined whether the *ANTHOLOGY* is hereafter to be numbered with the multitude of withered and forgotten efforts of the kind, or whether it shall expand and ripen beneath the influence of publick spirit. From the decision of the general sentiment, which, though sometimes severe, is for the most part just, we shall make no appeal. We cannot but wish however that this decision may be made with the utmost caution. We confess ourselves ambitious of refuting a charge on the character of this town, a charge no less disreputable to its munificence than its taste, that no attempt within its limits to support a literary publication can be long successful. We are therefore desirous of prolonging the trial of our power to furnish means of instruction and amusement to an intelligent community.

Under these impressions, Sir, we are induced to solicit the honour of adding your name to the names of our patrons, and the favour of such offices in our behalf, in the circles of your friends, as shall promote our success.

We remain, Sir,

Your humble servants,

THE PUBLISHERS.

N. B. This publication was commenced in November, 1803, and the first volume, consisting of 14 numbers, was completed last December. Subscribers or others may be supplied with the preceding numbers, either bound or single.

METEOROLOGY from May 26 to June 26.

Day.	Clock.	Baro.	Ther.	Wind.	Weather.	10	2	8	12	Baro.	Ther.	Wind.	Weather.	10	2	8	12	Baro.	Ther.	Wind.	Weather.
26	8			WSW	Fair.	10	29.6	55	NW					10	29.6	55	NW				Clouds and sunshine.
	2			W		ss.	29.6	60	S					11	29.6	60	S				
	10					10	29.6	57						11	29.6	57					
	8			SW	Fair.	10	29.7	61	W					11	29.7	61	W				Clouds and sunshine.
	2			SSE		ss.	29.8	59						11	29.8	59					Two short showers.
	10					10	29.9	59						12	29.9	59					
27	8			SSW	Fair.	10	30	65	W					12	30	65	W				Fair and clear.
	2			E		ss.	30	61	SSW					12	30	61	SSW				
	10					10	30.1	61	WSW					12	30.1	61	WSW				
28	8			SSW	Fair.	10	30.2	67	W					13	30.2	67	W				Fair and clear.
	2			E		ss.	30.2	65	SE					13	30.2	65	SE				
	10					10	30.2	65						13	30.2	65					
29	8			E	Clouds & sunshine.	10	30.2	73	W					14	30.2	73	W				Fair and clear.
	2			SE	Showers in evening, with a little lightning.	ss.	30.2	68	SW					14	30.2	68	SW				
	10					10	30.1	68	WSW					14	30.1	68	WSW				
30	8			W	Clouds and sunshine. — Small showers P. M. fair morning & evening	10	30.1	74	SW					15	30.1	74	SW				Fair and clear.
	2					ss.	30.1	74	WSW					15	30.1	74	WSW				
	10					10	30	67						15	30	67					
31	8	29.8		WNW	Fair. Some clouds.	10	30	80	NW					16	30	80	NW				Fair.—Some clouds.
	2	29.8				ss.	30	92	SE					16	30	92	SE				
	10	29.9	58			10	30	91	SSW					16	30	91	SSW				
	8	29.9	59	WNW	Fair.—Some clouds.	10	30	74						17	30	74					
	2	29.9	56	NNE		ss.	30	79						17	30	79					
	10	30.2	65			10	30	74						17	30	74					
1	8	30	62	ENE	Fair.	10	30.1	75	NE					18	30.1	75	NE				
	2	30.9		SSE		ss.	30.1	82						18	30.1	82					
	10	29.8	62			10	30.1	72						18	30.1	72					
2	8	29.8	67	NE	Fair.	10	30	70	SW					19	30	70	SW				Fair and clear.
	2	29.8	62	ENE		ss.	30	70						19	30	70					
	10	29.7	52			10	30	70						19	30	70					
3	8	29.7	67	S	Dull hazy morning. — Clear at 11 A. M. & till evening. Then cloudy.	10	29.9	79						20	29.9	79					
	2	29.7	70	ENE		ss.	29.9	79						20	29.9	79					
	10	29.7	68	S		10	29.9	79						20	29.9	79					
	8	29.7	65	S	Cloudy, rainy morning. Fair after 11 A. M. Cloudy misty evening.	10	30	60						21	30	60					
	2	29.7	75	NE		ss.	30	60						21	30	60					
	10	29.7	60			10	30	60						21	30	60					
5	8	29.9	62	NE	Cloudy most of the day. Clear about noon.	10	30.1	63	E					22	30.1	63	E				
	2	29.9	65			ss.	30.1	64						22	30.1	64					
	10	29.9	65			10	30	60						22	30	60					
6	8	30	52			ss.	30	66	E					23	30	66	E				
	2	30	52			10	30	64						23	30	64					
	10	30	52			10	30	64						23	30	64					
7	8	30	56	NE	Cloudy and showers.	10	30	68	E					24	30	68	E				
	2	30	56	ENE		ss.	30	66						24	30	66					
	10	30	53	ESE		10	30	66						24	30	66					
	8	30	58	ESE		ss.	30	66						24	30	66					
	2	29.9	60			10	30	66						24	30	66					
	10	29.8	54			ss.	29.9	76						25	29.9	76					
	8	29.6	54	ENE	Rainy.—In evening the wind rose, & it became a storm.	10	29.9	76						25	29.9	76					
	2	29.5	56	NE		ss.	29.7	80						25	29.7	80					
	10	29.5	50			10	29.7	76						25	29.7	76					
9	8	29.6	54	ENE	Storm very violent all night and till noon.—P. M. rain continues.	10	29.8	78	W					26	29.8	78	W				Fair.—In evening heavy clouds with thunder & lightning.
	2	29.5	56	NE		ss.	29.7	80						26	29.7	80					
	10	29.6	50			10	29.7	76						26	29.7	76					

N. B. On the 26, 27, 28, 29, and 30th of May there was no register kept of the state of the glasses.